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JOURNAL OF

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Editorial

DUTCH AND HOLSTEIN CATTLE.

We call the attention of our readers to a communication in another column from Mr. Houghton, Secretary of the so called "Association of Breeders of Thoroughbred Holstein cattle," and to our article of the 7th of September, from which the writer, either intentionally or otherwise, leaves out of his quotation the words "*as such*" on which the whole "nub" of the story hangs. That is, in other words, we disclaimed any prejudice against the Dutch cattle *as such*, or when called by their only proper name, the name by which they have been known in history for a thousand years, more or less, and our object has been to enlighten the people as to the difference between the Dutch and the Holstein cattle, and to do and say what we could to induce the breeders of Dutch cattle to call them by their true and historical name, and not to attempt to *dignify* them by a name, which would imply that they were not Dutch, that they were imported from Holstein, hundreds of miles away from their native country, a name by no means to be compared with Dutch, and associated with races of cattle in no respect to be compared with the Dutch for excellence and value, *One of the races of Holstein cattle*, of which tant resemblance to the Dutch, but it is by no means the best of the Holstein races. The name therefore can be no ornament to the Dutch cattle, and it is against the application of the name to them, and not against the cattle themselves that we have contended.

Now what was the inducement which led the association to attempt so radical a change of name of an old and fixed race of cattle, a name honored by centuries of successful agriculture, long before the low swamps of Holstein were reclaimed from the sea, or inhabited by anything that had assumed the form of civilized life? We do not know, but we presume the origin of the change may be found in the first paragraph of the new "Holstein Herd Book," for a copy of which we are indebted to the politeness of Mr. Houghton, and for which he has our thanks. We call special attention to that remarkable paragraph, because it shows that the whole thing was conceived in ignorance both of fact and of history. That paragraph is as follows: "The remote origin of the Holstein race of cattle affords a theme for *unlimited speculation and discussion*. According to tradition, however, as stated by the best authorities, *all that is certainly known upon the subject is*, that for an indefinite period anterior to the records of history, there existed in the Duchy of Holstein a superior race of cattle, and that hence the finest cattle of the north of Europe have been derived. The present large improved black and white cattle of North Holland, Friesland and Oldenburg, which all possess the same general characteristics, yet present in different localities *some slight dissimilarity*, and have perhaps been brought to the highest degree of perfection in the first-named province, *undoubtedly descended from the original stock of Holstein*."

That paragraph is utterly and unqualifiedly false, and starting from so false a premise, it is not surprising that the conclusion was so unwarranted. There is no "tradition" of the sort, and so far as history goes it is precisely the reverse of that stated by the writer of the paragraph, that is, so far from the cattle of North Holland, &c., being "descended from the original stock of Holstein," if there is any connection whatever between them, the cattle of Holstein descended from the stock of Holland. History is perfectly clear and well settled on this point, and the authorities are numerous, far too numerous to mention in this connection, but if necessary we could "go back a long ways towards the days of Adam," and satisfy any inquiring mind that our statement is correct.

It must be borne in mind that high, not to say scientific, farming existed in the Netherlands long, very long, before it was developed in other countries of Europe, and when the agriculture of other European countries remained just where the Romans, in their invasions, had left it. We have plenty and overwhelming evidence of this, but this is not the place nor have we the space to present it here. The natural consequence was that the princes and rulers of the church in other countries, to whom this great superiority could not long remain unknown, began to look to Dutch and Flemish farmers and to secure their services to develope their estates and the agricultural resources of their domains, to increase their own incomes and the church tithes. And so Dutch settlers found their way into other countries, taking with them their stock and farming implements.

Now to make a concise story, for it is necessarily somewhat lengthy, we will quote from Mueller, omitting only the numerous references and authorities for the sake of brevity, when he says: "The first Dutch colony in Germany, then called by the general name of Thuringia, dates back as far as the year 528. From 801 to 864, St. Anskar, (Ansgar, Anscharius,) Primate of Bremen, Hamburg, Holstein, etc., himself of Flemish birth, attracted many of his countrymen to those northern regions. Charlemange, also, colonized Flemish peasants on the shores of the Elbe. That stretch of teeming low lands, east of Bremen to the Baltic, wore a vastly different face in those early days. Marshy and uncultivated, the coast edge of those parts stood exposed to the tender mercies of the sea to such a degree, that even a slight breeze would suffice to cause immersion; while the inhabitants, through intestine wars demoralized and habituated to strife and broils, evinced little aptitude for the peaceful pursuits of husbandry. It was then that the attention of German princes was drawn to Holland, where similarly situated regions had been brought to a high state of productiveness. The great tide of immigration, however, did not set in till the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, from which period the origin of the fine grass lands along the Elbe and the Weser must be reckoned.

It was a mighty flow of immigration that wound its way toward those seemingly unfriendly shores, and to this day, the peasants of Holstein have preserved a Dutch ditty which points to the east of Europe as the promised land, just as in our time the great West of the American Union is the goal of the European emigrant. To conceive the extent of this wave of emigration, cast a look upon the maps accompanying Bordigrave's work, from which it appears that Dutch settlers spread as far south as Silesia and even Austria.

In the year 1106, the Bishop of Bremen ceded several districts of his possessions to Dutch settlers, with the understanding that all occurring marshes should be drained and converted into meadows according to the Dutch method of reclaiming lands. Other ecclesiastical as well as temporal princes followed his example and many similar cessions were made to Dutch settlers. It would be quite a task to recount all the charters thus granted, yet I cannot refrain from mentioning some which directly refer to Holstein.

St. Vicelin, having observed how the marshy, low lands near Bremen speedily assumed the character of luxuriant pastures, was the first ruler of Holstein who resolved upon giving his country the benefit of Dutch agricultural science, and to him and his successors that principality is indebted for the great transformation it underwent in the twelfth century. Three districts, that of Wilster, Stor and Helmshoen, received large Dutch settlements under Adalberon's charter proviso that the clergy of said districts should be entitled to harvest and cattle tithes upon the lands of Dutch settlers. This prince, July 25, 1144, further ceded a tract of land to Dutch immigrants in the district of Elmshorn. On January 10, 1221, Albert d'Orlamunde transferred to Dutch immigrants that range of lands situated between the settlements of the Saxons and the Dutch, known as the Oetus Terra.

Here it may be mentioned that in 1470 Charles I, King of Denmark, abolished the Dutch land laws then still prevailing in the districts of Wilster and Kempermarsh. There is yet extant a deed of conveyance, in the Dutch language, dated 1340, relating to certain territories in the district of Stor, wherein the Dutch land laws then in force, are spoken of. Christiani, Holstein's historian states that as regards Holstein at no time is mention made of other than Dutch colonists, and that Dutch immigration may be said to have commenced in the year 1120. The Count of Holstein, personally undertook a journey to Holland, returning with colonists who settled in Wagria. The historian Helmold in speaking of this colony admits its importance by stating that it was reported to have consisted of 400 families, but that the number of Dutch settlers in Wagria might safely be taken at 8000. In 1516 Christian II introduced Dutch settlers on the island of Amack, who soon transferred that waste into a perfect garden spot. The inhabitants of to-day have preserved their original language, costumes and habits and number about 5000 souls."

These are a few of the historical facts. There are abundant others, and if the association wants to continue the controversy and the name which it has so unjustly assumed, we can present them. They clearly establish the position we have taken beyond all dispute, and show how utterly groundless are the reasons for an attempt to change a name honored by so long a history, for one which belonged already to inferior cattle. The success of such an attempt could only serve to prove the cattle to belong to a new and mongrel breed as compared with the Dutch race, whose origin is lost in a period far more remote than that to which we have referred.

THE CABBAGE AS A FIELD CROP.

Most farmers, says Robert B. Thomas in his *Old Farmers' Almanac*, have been accustomed to cultivate cabbages in a small way in the garden and for family use. The methods of raising them are therefore well known. Now the great want of New England, and of any country where the winters are so long, and the necessity for stall feeding so imperative, is an abundance of food for stock. With more food we can keep more stock, with more stock we obtain more manure, with more manure we can increase the fertility of our land.

The farmers' chief study ought to be to see by what means he can increase his supply of animal food in the cheapest and most economical manner. His success as a farmer turns very much upon this. His grass lands should be kept in the best condition, but that is not enough. He should raise a liberal supply of root crops, and even with them most farmers who are aiming at the highest point of excellence will still want something more.

There are certain crops that are very convenient to use in the late fall, and serve not only to prevent a too early encroachment upon the hay-mow, but to break the too sudden change from green and succulent grass to dry hay. Such are pumpkins, very useful in November, as they come from the field, and round turnips in December when they may be fed freely and to great advantage. After these follow rutabagas through January and February, and then mangolds still later. Cabbages are conveniently fed out late in the season, about the time that pumpkins come into use; they not only increase the milk of cows, but are very nutritive and greatly relished by all kinds of stock. Cabbages contain a large per centage of flesh-forming substances as compared with most other articles of food. Here is their composition:

Water,	86.28
Flesh-forming matter,	4.75
Heat and fat forming substances,	7.10
Inorganic matter, (ash)	1.87
	100

It will be seen that the proportion of flesh-forming material in their composition is three times as great as that of turnips, and is equal to that of clover and our common grasses. This is why this vegetable is so readily and greedily eaten by all kinds of stock, especially by young and growing animals like lambs and calves, and by milch cows. As a summer field crop, therefore, why is it not superior to the clovers and the grasses, since, though the expense of producing it is a little greater, the yield in weight per acre is two or three times as great? Indeed what crop is there that will yield so large an amount of nutritive food at the same cost? The distinguished agricultural chemist, Dr. Voelcker, says of it: "No kind of green food cultivated on a large scale in the field, contains so much nutritious matter as the cabbage, being much more nutritive, weight for weight, than turnips, and at the same time very succulent. Cabbages form a valuable food for milch cows. Cattle are very fond of cabbages, and dairy cows feed upon them and some hay, produce much and rich milk; and the butter made from the cattle is free from the disagreeable flavor which it always has when cows are fed upon turnips. Cabbages for this reason are a valuable substitute for turnips, and deserve to be more extensively cultivated than they are at present." This is the highest endorsement from the highest authority. But the testimony of the few practical men who raise cabbages as a field crop and feed them out to dairy stock, is equally strong.

For a field crop the late varieties are preferable. The seed is sown about the first of May in beds, and by the tenth or middle of June the plants will be sufficiently large and strong to be transplanted. A piece of sod land well ploughed will answer very well, and a light clover sod is the best. The liberal supply of manure may be partly spread and ploughed under, and partly spread on the furrow and harrowed in. It is best to select wet weather if possible for transplanting. A smart man can easily set out five thousand plants a day. A fair day's work is reckoned at six thousand five hundred. The plants weather is dry and warm, but as soon as they get hold of the soil and hold their heads up run a cultivator through them to keep down the weeds and stir the soil. If the plants are set two feet by two and a half this operation is easily performed. At these distances the number of plants will be eight thousand nine hundred to the acre. Of these it will be fair to expect six thousand heads. Some will fail to head and others may be destroyed by disease or insects after it is too late to replace them. They will be worth to feed out to dairy cows, say from thirty to forty dollars a thousand. The amount of feeding material on an acre of well grown cabbages is something enormous.

The culture of this plant for the purposes proposed is worthy of a careful trial by every farmer. Try it under favorable circumstances and estimate the cost of the crop as compared with others.

Questions & Answers.

A GOOD COW.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I wish to inquire through the *Ploughman* how long a cow that is farrow will give a full mess of milk, and how much eight to ten quarts per day, with common keeping summer and winter, and retain good health and keep in a good condition?

I have a cow that came in one year ago last May with my assistance; fearing she might have more trouble again, she remains farrow. She gave after her calf was turned or marketed, fifteen quarts per day, but soon fell away from eight to ten. The first of Sept. current she gave twelve quarts, and has given it for some weeks. Now is it necessary that a cow should have a vacation or not, to sustain a healthy vigorous condition? I think that cow has paid better than any other one I have for the last year.

Please let us hear from you at your earliest convenience.

Yours truly,
WILLARD S. WOOD.

Grafton, Sept. 9th, 1872.

Mr. Wood does not state whether the cow is again with calf or not, but only that she has been farrow this season. If she is so still, we should encourage her to keep on giving as much milk as she will, and as long. Mr. Twichell of Brookline has a cow that gave milk freely and in large quantity for five or six years in succession without having a calf in that time, a rare and curious case.

If the cow is to come in again next spring we should prefer to dry her off eight weeks or ten before the time she is expected to calve, but if not we should have no fears as to any injury from her continuance in milk. She does not need a vacation unless she is with calf. We have a cow that has given milk more than four years in succession. Couldn't dry her off.—Ed.

GRUBS IN THE LAND.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I have a piece of land that I wish to put into vines and shrubs this fall, but it is full of those large, white grub worms which eat up everything that is planted. How can I destroy them best? Will salt do it? if so, how much shall I put on to the acre? Will it hurt the vines? Also, how are crab apple trees raised, by the seed, or grafts? What wood will it graft the best? If you will answer these questions through the *Ploughman*, you will greatly oblige, A YOUNG FARMER.

Westboro', Aug. 30, 1872.

Salt will destroy the grubs if it is applied in sufficient quantities. It appears to us that we should apply it in one of two ways. Spread it on the surface at the rate of from three to five bushels per acre, and plough the land and let it lie till spring, or else plough the land first and sow on say two or three bushels per acre on the top of the furrow. Applied at that rate we do not think it would hurt the vines, but if put on much more freely, we could not answer for the results.

We think the crab apple will produce its kind from the seed, but practically it would be better probably to graft it. We should suppose the young apple tree stock would be the best for it, but we have no experience with it. Will some of our nursery men readers please answer the question?—[ED.

Correspondence.

DUTCH CATTLE.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Referring to the article in the *Ploughman* of Sept. 7th, 1872, on "Dutch and Holstein Cattle," I desire to say, that having seen your frequent allusions to this subject, I have, as doubtless all others who read the *Ploughman* have, inferred that the Ploughman was prejudiced against the cattle it is pleased to term "Dutch," or their owners, and disposed to do them an injury, or to injure the value of such cattle in the hands of those who own them throughout New England.

If I should find a boy throwing clubs and stones into my fruit tree, and he should disclaim emphatically any intention of knocking down the fruit, I should regard his disclaimer just as I am obliged to regard the disclaimer in your article referred to, that you have no such prejudice as your readers have inferred that you have. The old adage "that actions speak louder than words" is still good, and if you really have no such prejudice you have been unfortunate in your use of the English language, and must be commiserated.

But as you assert your object to be "solely for the purpose of stopping the useless and senseless habit of calling them by a name which does not and never did belong to them," (meaning by *them* I suppose, the large black and white cattle, of which nearly all in New England are importations, or descendants of the importations of Mr. Chenery,) I wish to say for the information of your readers, that the gentlemen owning such cattle, believing them on the whole better adapted to meet all the requirements of the American farmer than any known breed or race, and therefore, that careful breeding and a record of all animals known to be of pure blood, would be of great and increasing value to themselves and the farming community generally, determined to form an association for the purpose of aiding and promoting the breeding of pure blooded animals of this stock, and the keeping and publishing a record or herd book of all such.

As these cattle had been designated and known as "Dutch," "Dutch or Holstein," and "Holstein," it was deemed advisable to adopt one or the other of these names as the one by which they should be known, after due consideration of all the information that could be obtained on the subject, it was unanimously agreed that the name of "Holstein" was on the whole the most proper and appropriate, and it was accordingly adopted, and the association formed was called the "Association of Breeders of Thoroughbred Holstein Cattle."

The reasons for this conclusion cannot be set forth in this communication, but they were sufficient for the owners of the cattle, and being so they could not do otherwise than as they did. They are very fully given in an article by Mr. Chenery prefacing the herd book which has just been published, a copy of which I enclose to you herewith. Gentlemen who import their breed of cattle may, I suppose, call them by any name they think proper, and recognize the association formed and the name for the cattle which it has adopted or not as they please, but the Association and name are facts, and however much the members of the association have erred, (if at all) in the selection of the name "Holstein," it is certain that their cattle, and all cattle of this breed owned by members of this association are, and will be in future known as, and called "Holstein" cattle, notwithstanding your statement that "these questions are definitely and authoritatively settled" in a different way, and that t is a "useless and senseless habit."

We have no objection to your opinions, and the manner in which you state them is a matter of taste which does not concern the writer, as the only purpose of this communication is to lay before your readers, (if you will be so courteous as to publish it) the facts it contains. The reasons for the adoption of the name so objectionable to you and some others are accessible to all who wish to consider them, but are too voluminous to give even an abstract of here.

Very respectfully,
Your Ob't Servant,
CHAS. HOUGHTON.

The Poultry Interest.

GREEN FOOD FOR FOWLS.

Mr. L. Wright, in his new serial work on Poultry, has these observations on green food, which are of great importance to all who attempt to breed fowls in confined quarters:

The last requisite in the shape of diet is a regular supply of green food. Here, again, fowls kept on grass will need no attention; but for birds penned up, the daily provision of it is an absolute necessity, though most beginners are ignorant of it. We well remember, in our own early experience, how our fowls died, we could not, at first, tell why; and one fine Buff Cochin cock, whose only fault was a strong vulture-hock, was, in particular, greatly regretted. An experienced friend let us into the secret, and after that we had no difficulty in keeping fowls, even where it is often said they cannot be kept in health, viz.: in a yard paved with large flag stones. The best substitute for natural grass is a large fresh turf thrown in daily to each four or five hens; and even in towns it is often possible to procure this, by giving children a few pence every week to keep up a regular supply. Where turf is not allowed to be taken, grass may be cut or pulled, but in this case must be cut into green chaff with shears or a chaff machine. The latter plan is how we actually managed for years in a yard only sixty-seven by thirty-five feet, divided into six pens; paying some child a few pence to bring fresh-cut grass daily, cutting it up and mixing it with their soft meat.

PUTTING UP DAIRY GOODS.—Let producers be governed by a principle of strict honor in this matter, using fancy packages only for a strictly fancy product, and ordinary packages for all goods of second grade, assorting carefully, and marketing each quality separately, making for it no false claim, but allowing it to go upon its intrinsic merits, and they will realize more for their products than they to under the present unsystematic and impolitic practice of straining up the price of inferior goods by offering them in connection with a better article, thus losing more upon the good than is gained upon the bad, while the principle of just determination is not recognized, and the reputation of the brand suffers a still greater prospective loss.

For the Massachusetts Ploughman.

NOTES ON THE APPLE CROP.

BY J. S. NEEDHAM.

I wrote last winter that the apple trees promised an unprecedented blossom, that in due time beautified the landscape in every direction east of the Alleghany ridge.

In New Jersey, eastern Pennsylvania, southern New York, Connecticut and portions of Maine, New Hampshire and northern central Massachusetts, the crop is as bountiful as the blossom promised.

In eastern Massachusetts, as the trees went out of blossom, very strong easterly winds prevailed for several days, whipping off the leaves and embryo fruit.

Some orchards standing in exposed situations were nearly denuded of leaves, especially the top branches, giving the trees the appearance of being eaten out by the canker worm, excepting the brown color. In one week after the easterly blow in my vicinity, we had a hail storm that gave the trees a call on the opposite side, raking them fearfully, taking off ninety per cent of the leaves. The buds were large and excitable, the weather just suited for a rapid expansion and growth; the storm came upon them in their tenderest condition. Many trees had not leaves enough left to mature the canker worms; those that did, grew so rapidly that the worms had a difficult task to keep pace with the hardening of the leaves, or else they had some disease, for very few had the appearance of being in a state of perfection when they left the trees for the ground. I should not think that more than two to five per cent. of the worms will ever again appear. They did not develop sufficiently for the chrysalis state. It appears to my observation that we are to have a respite, a sort of rebate on the yearly tax of the canker worm and curculio, if this year's tax is a criterion to judge from for the future.

Has not a more formidable enemy made his appearance, a microscopic insect called the red spider? I am not a student of entomology, but have suffered from the depredations of the red spider some fifteen or sixteen years ago, on one acre of raspberry plants that they completely defoliated. And the present year apple leaves and grape leaves have the same appearance those raspberry leaves then had. On the under side of the leaves I find minute specks of down and if those specks on the upper side correspond those spots is dead and of a reddish hue. Grape leaves are in the same condition, some vines defoliated.

This month, September, it is very essential that the leaf should be healthy and active to perfect the fruit buds for the following crop. If the discoloring of the leaf is not caused by the spider or some other insect it is fungi caused by vitiated sap. If so, will not that vitiated sap impart its virus to every part of the tree? If fungi (the trees being living organisms, that lie idle seven months a year), may it not take years for their recuperative powers to eradicate the disease? If it is an insect we may hope to see the last of it soon, for the smaller the insect the less hold he has on life, and the climatic contingencies of his food are lessened, because his food is supplied by some abnormal conditon of sap vessels.

Yet with all drawbacks apples are abundant and large in size, except the Baldwin, which sports a great deal, some limbs full and others on the same tree barren, those doing the best situated in moist places, other things being equal.

The quality of the Gravenstein was never before surpassed, which is certainly not attributable to a dry cool summer, a theory we often hear advocated that it is essential to grow a Gravenstein, as a Gravenstein should be. Other varieties may require a cool dry summer to bring out their merits, but the Gravenstein is like the trout in the piscatorial tribe, it is very fastidious in its aqueous element.

CURE FOR SHEEP-CHASING DOGS.

Your correspondent, "Straightforward," tells us how he has cured some dogs addicted to chasing sheep. He recommends much patience; in this I quite agree, but to cure a confirmed "chaser" requires more than most men possess. Your correspondent fears a Newfoundland or any other large breed, after he has tasted blood, is incurable. I can assure him to the contrary. A large deerhound of mine, or rather of my father's (a prize winner at Birmingham), with not being well looked after, got into the habit of chasing sheep, and killing them too, whenever he had an opportunity. He was sharply corrected and kept chained up for some days, but when again taken out was as bad as ever. My father happily remembered how he had cured a large retriever of the same sin five-and-thirty years before, and we have, I am pleased to say, made a perfect cure of my deer hound. After one of his chases he was taken up to the sheep farm, securely tied between two old Scotch rams, and then let loose in the yard. No sooner were they let loose than all three, being good jumpers, cleared the wall, and the dog was dragged about the park till all three were dead tired. The poor fellow was then taken home, and I can assure you "sheep chasing" is now the very last thing of all others that he ever thinks of.—*London Field.*

MAKING THE STRAWBERRY A SURE CROP.

You can make the strawberry crop a sure thing, say the Wilson or some other favorable sort. Put the Wilson in a clay soil with a large amount of vegetable or chip manure. Saw dust, rotten, is good. This will keep the soil loose and porous, so as not only to be safe against an excess of rain or of drouth, but, the land drained, against the frost also, which otherwise might lift and hurt, if not kill the plant outright. You are thus secure so far as the season is concerned. For protection in winter simply cover with evergreen boughs. This will prevent the frost from injuring and also keep the plant from being smothered. It has never failed with us. Cultivate deep. Have the land not over rich, and cultivate cleanly. Mulch at the bearing season with white cut-straw. Keep off runners. If you wish only large fruit, thin out. Plant about eighteen by twenty-five inches.—*Western Farmer.*

MUCK OR PEAT.—A writer in the *Boston Journal of Chemistry* thinks farmers give themselves much trouble in carting muck for very little end. He has analyzed several specimens which contained from 1200 to 1700 lbs. of water to the ton, and the greater part of the balance was sand and clay. These specimens only contained from seven to ten per cent. of organic matter. In other words, a farmer carts 2000 lbs. in order to get from 140 to 200 lbs. of decayed vegetable matter, the only thing of value to him.

Agricultural Fairs.

THE MAINE STATE FAIR.

The tenth annual Fair of the Maine State Agricultural Society opened at Bangor on the 17th, on the grounds of the Penobscot Society, about a mile and a half from the city, which were enlarged and admirably adapted for the purpose. The entries were very numerous, and the extensive accommodations which had been made had to be supplemented by the erecting new stalls and sheds.

OPENING EXERCISES.

At half past two o'clock the officers and members of the society, with a respectable attendance of visitors, assembled at the President's headquarters, where the opening exercises of the Fair took place. After the assembly was called to order, Hon. Samuel Wasson, President of the Society, proceeded to deliver the opening address, which was listened to with close attention.

ADDRESS OF HON. SAMUEL WASSON.

Mr. Wasson spoke of these yearly gatherings as becoming the stand point from which the labors of the year can be surveyed and the advance noted which the tillers of the soil have made. Discussing the topics of departure, as well from which new courses may be projected to avoid the failures of the past and guide in the future to better results in cultivation, in which science and skill find themselves tasked to the utmost. These annual festivals are becoming the sunny side of agriculture, and their chief value is to point out which way farming is going, and which of the branches of our mixed husbandry droop and wane, and which push higher up the trellis of practical value.

He referred to certain changes which are going on at these shows. A few years since a thoroughbred would have been a *rara avis*. At the first Maine State exhibition, held in 1855, the best time on the track was 2.56. In the early days of the Society, "class poultry" was hardly recognized as of sufficient importance to invite competition by the offer of premiums. Now it has become a prominent feature in the show, and a leading interest in the husbandry of Harding, second year premium. The display of fruit but limited table space was provided for. Now products seek or demand more room, and in no class is there a livelier or more closely contested competition. He reminded them of the fact that the opening of the new lines of railroads, and the advance in the price of labor, efficient implements and machinery for facilitating the labors of the farmer are instrumentalities affecting the present and prospective economies of farm management, which must be studied and observed would we give them their potent influence to produce for us the best results. That farming as a business has greatly changed within the last score of years is apparent. The agricultural press and the fairs are its offspring state, and he is the successful farmer who from these exhibitions can illicit indicative tests of the passage that agriculture is taking. To be more explicit, "with the cost of a ton of marketing hay" we cannot grow beef to profit. It costs more to grow our bread than it does to buy it. Imported foods control the market, and keep can undersell in price. When the great West can start butter for eastern markets at eight cents per pound, butter making hardly pays. Railroad lines are reforesting the country with wood for fuel, and the prices paid for it. These subject worthy the careful investigation of our stock breeders. These trials have become an inexpensable adjunct of cattle shows; and as to the question is, how can we elevate the standard of racing, strip it of its jockeyism, and make it not only reputable, but worthy the patronage of all? The speaker advised the growth of roots as a leading branch of farming, the growing of winter apples, the growing and canning of sweet corn for the San Francisco market, which promises a greater net profit per acre than any other hoed crop. He also commended the system of factory making cheese, which is in its infancy in Maine. It is among the probabilities that an entire revolution is to be made in the method of curing and storing hay, by which its nutritive value will be doubled. These are some of the topics which President Wasson presented for thoughtful consideration.

THE CATTLE PENS.

A look over the grounds showed a valuable and large collection of live stock. The display was mostly confined to short horns, Herefords, Devons, and but few of Ayrshires and Dutch animals.

Among the largest exhibitors, Levi A. Dow of Waterville showed a herd of twelve animals of Shorthorns; Howard & Ellis of Fairfield, one herd of thirteen animals; James Sanborn of Sabbatis, one herd of eleven animals, and Warren Percival of Vassalboro', one herd of ten animals which were for exhibition only.

Of Herefords, H C Burleigh of Fairfield Centre showed a herd of twenty-two animals; George E Shores of Waterville one herd of thirteen animals; G & G Underwood of Fayette one herd of twenty animals. Of Jerseys, Gen. W S Tilton of the U. S. Military Asylum at Augusta exhibited a herd of nine thoroughbred animals; Dr. Hall, Jr. of Waterville one herd of nineteen animals; and Capt. E W Leighton of the State Insane Hospital two bulls. Of Dutch breed, M E Rice of Stetson exhibited twenty-three animals.

The display of working oxen, fat cattle, and oxen and steers for discipline, was creditable. The sheep pens comprised long, middle and fine wooled animals and fat sheep, with a good representation, although not large. The display of swine was small, while that of poultry was not large, but choice. In he

EQUINE DEPARTMENT.

There was a large show, embracing some of the most noted horses in the State of the Knox, Messenger, Drew, and other breeds; there were two thoroughbred stallions and nearly sixty stallions for general use. A good many of these were entered for the trotting premiums. There was also a fine representation of mares, colts and geldings and several pairs of matched and draught horses. The display of horse flesh was considered one of the largest and best ever seen collected together in the State.

MANUFACTURERS' AND MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

The interior of Norombega Hall was devoted to a display of mechanical and manufacturers' products, household fabrics, fancy and miscellaneous articles, &c. Here the evidences of the skill and industry of the farmer's wives and daughters were to be found, in rugs, blankets and other handiwork, the whole forming an attractive feature.

FARM PRODUCTS.

In Concert Hall, over Norombega Hall, there was not so large a display of farm crops, butter and cheese, maple sugar and honey, as one could wish, but limited as it was, the display was creditable. There seemed to be a lack of those mammoth vegetables which one generally sees on these occasions, and which form a special feature with some.

The State Agricultural College at Orono was the most generous contributor in the line of vegetables. Specimens of squashes were exhibited, weighing seventy-one pounds; but this mammoth was outdone by another shown by David A Garland of Bangor, who had a squash which weighed ninety-five pounds, and who exhibited one hundred onions which had a total weight of sixty-seven pounds. Bijah Dunbar exhibited thirty varieties of potatoes, while Crosby Clements of Kenduskeag made a show of over one hundred varieties, including the products of his vegetable garden. Mrs. A B Stralard of Monroe exhibited fifteen varieties of vegetables, and Albert F Noyes of Bangor had on his table fourteen varieties. In dairy products the display was small but inviting.

In the basement of Norombega Hall there was a fair display of machinery, stoves and furnaces, chiefly by local exhibitors. At City Hall there was a very good display of orchard products, flowers, pictures and sewing machines.

DISPLAY OF FRUIT.

The most attractive feature was that of fruit, which occupied considerable space. C D Chapman of Orrington presented a tempting display of sixty varieties of apples, fall and winter fruit, with twenty varieties of pears, embracing the luscious Bartlett, Duchess, Flemish Beauties, &c. T W Johnson of Orrington, made a fine display of twenty varieties of fall and winter apples, and W S Place of Charleston twenty-four varieties. Albert Noyes of Bangor exhibited seventy varieties, with a good display of pears. S Boardman & Co., of Winterport made a good show of winter apples from New York trees. Of grapes there was an attractive show. Calvin Chamberlain of Foxcroft had his table loaded down with fourteen varieties, embracing Concord, Clinton, Diana, Hartford Prolific and other well known varieties.

There was a handsome display of cut flowers, made by Mrs A D Stralard of Monroe. There was also a good display of pictures done in oil and crayon, by home artists, prominent among which was a collection by George E Dale of Bangor, a promising artist, who has the picture of a monk's head which does him credit.

THE PREMIUMS.

The following are among the principal premiums awarded:

Herefords—Sweepstakes, H C Burleigh of Fairfield, first premium for best bull, best cow and heifer, and best herd of five.

Herds—H C Burleigh, first premium; G & G Underwood of Fayette, second.

Two year old bulls—H C Burleigh, first premium; G & G Underwood of Fayette, second.

Dutch Cattle—Gen. W S Tilton of Augusta, for seven years' old cow, first premium; three years' old cow, second; for two years' old bull, first premium; 10 months' old bull, second.

Fat Cattle—J P Putnam of Winthrop, first premium; N R Wellington, second; Charles Shaw of Dexter, for old ox, first premium; G & G Underwood of Fayette, for fat cow, first premium; H C Burleigh, second.

Grand Sweepstakes—Howard and Ellis of Fairfield for best herd of short horns in sweepstakes, gold medal of the Society; best herd of Jersey's, N K Boutelle of Waterville, gold medal; Hereford's, best herd H C Burleigh, gold medal.

Goldings of all ages—F Kendrick of Fairfield, for five year old, first premium; E Hopkins, Jr., of Bangor, second do.; three year old, C Butman of Plymouth, first premium; H A Butler of Bangor, second do.; two years old, George T Buchanan of Augusta, first premium; Harvey Harding, second premium.

Fowls—For best collection of fowls, A Noyes of Bangor, first premium.

Jerseys—Old bulls, first, N R Bartelle of Waterville; second, Gen. W S Tilton of Augusta. Young bulls, first, to B Bunker of Fairfield; second, N R Boutelle. Cows, first sweepstakes, N R Bartelle; second, Gen. Tilton.

Grades, Herds—William B Hersey of Lincoln, first; second, T G Chase of Orrington. Cows, G W Stevens of Deering first; second W W Pease of Anson. Breeding Cows, W W Pease, first; second, John Morrison of Corinth.

Discipline of oxen and steers—James Andrews of Saco, first; second, John Morrison of Corinth.

Oxen—Seven feet and under, Wm. Warren of Scarboro', first; second, Henry Morrison of Scarboro'.

Middle Wooled Sheep—Bucks, George E Shores of Waterville, first; second, Hebron Lace of Bangor. Best three ewes, Hebron Lace of Bangor, first.

Mares and Colts—Best three year old, C H and J M Skinner of St. Albans, second; best yearling colt, G C Chapman of Monmouth, first; best breeding mare, S H Tewksbury of Portland, and the two prizes pa

L. R. Hall, Bridgewater. Steers and hoses—L. R. Hall, M. Wood, Bridgewater.

Horses—C. Record, Myricks; J. Ricketson, New Bedford. Breeding mares, C. Record, Colts, three years old, C. Bissett, Berkley; D. Green, New Bedford; H. L. Williams, Lakeville. Two years old, J. Ricketson; J. Winslow, Fall River; H. L. Williams. Working horses, C. M. Morse, Acushnet; Cyrus Leonard, Raynham; L. R. Hall. Second class, C. Leonard, S. Wilbar D. R. Pierce, Martin Wood.

Best collection of vegetables, Nathan Durfee, Fall River; second, Samuel Pierce, Freetown; third, Wm. Howland, North Dartmouth.

Poultry—Light Brahmas, $3, F. G. Tripp, New Bedford; $2, S. T. Andrews, Fall River; $1, A. J. Potter, North Dartmouth. Dark Brahmas, $3 J. S. King, Jr., East Taunton; $2, John H. Chase, Newport; $1, J. S. King, Jr., East Taunton. Buff Cochins, $3, B. B. Cerell, New Bedford; $2, J. S. King, Jr., East Taunton; $1, B. B. Cerell, New Bedford. Partridge Cochins, J. S. King, Jr., East Taunton; $2, J. H. Chase, Newport; $1, J. H. Chase, Newport. Black Cochins, P. S. Pond, Acushnet. Gray Dorkings, Frank G. Tripp, New Bedford. Game fowls, same. Silver Hamburg, Benj. F. Chase, Berkley; T. R. Washburn, Raynham. White Leghorns, Nathan Durfee, Fall River; J. Perry, Freetown. Golden Dorkings, B. F. Chase, Berkley. Plymouth Rock, E. B. Babbitt, Berkley. Turkeys, P. A. Evans; E. B. Babbitt. Bremen geese, P. Nickens, Freetown; B. F. Chase, Berkley; Philip H. Evans, Freetown. Wild geese, J. H. Woodwell, Fall River; Wm. F. Wardell, Fall River. Canned fruit, Mrs. N. M. Sampson, Lakeville.

The last day, Friday, was a decided improvement on the two preceding, and the attendance was better, something like 2000 people entering the gates, though it was reported as considerably below the usual attendance at this show, and that it fell short of a financial success.

At the annual meeting of the Society, Hon. John A. Hawes of Fairhaven, was elected delegate to the State Board of Agriculture, in place of Dr. Durfee, whose time expires. J. A. Brownell, Treasurer, and Charles Durfee, Secretary. The report of the Treasurer showed the receipts last the year to have been $4,270.03, and the expenditures $4,236.04. The society went behind last year to the extent of $144.44. Present debt $6,166. It is not a very encouraging statement. Why not unite with the old society?

WORCESTER AGRICULTURAL SHOW.

The exhibition of the old Worcester County Agricultural Society took place on the 19th and 20th at the grounds of the Society in the north part of the city. The weather was dull and drizzly, the lowering clouds now and then pouring down a flood of rain. Few people, of course will turn out under such circumstances unless they are obliged to, and the attendance was small.

The stock and implements occupied the attention of committees the first day and the horses, the second.

We subjoin a part of the prize list as follows:

THOROUGHBRED CATTLE.

Herds—Best American bred stock, of not less than five animals, S Walling of Millbury; Wm. Eames, Jersey—Best herd, O B Hadwen; 2d W T Merrifield; best bull and four of his progeny, W T Merrifield; 2d, O B Hadwen. Best yearling bull, Geo N Smith. Best bull calf, O B Hadwen. Best cow with four calves, W T Merrifield. Best heifer cow, W T Merrifield, Dairy; 2d Geo N Smith, Millbury; best 3 year old heifer, W T Merrifield. Hattie; 2d, O B Hadwen. Best 2 year old heifer, O B Hadwen; 2d, W T Merrifield; best yearling, O B Hadwen; best heifer calf George N Smith, Millbury.

South Devons—Best bull, Harvey Dodge of Sutton; best bull with four of his progeny, 1st and 2d, Harvey Dodge; best yearling bull, Dodge; best heifer calf, Dodge; best cow in milk, 6 months old, Wm Eaton; best cow with four of her progeny, Harvey Dodge; best single cow Wm Eames, Worcester; best heifer over three and under four years old, 1st and 2d, Harvey Dodge; best heifer over one year and under two years old, Wm Eames, Harvey Dodge; best heifer calf under twelve months old, Harvey Dodge.

Ayrshires—Best bull, Horatio Moore, T. Ellsworth; best 2 years old heifer, Horatio Moore, Rutland; best yearling heifer, J. L. Ellsworth; best heifer calf, Horatio Moore, Rutland; best bull calf, Horatio Moore, Rutland.

Ayrshires—Best herd, N Walling, Millbury; B F & H A Harrington; N Walling, Millbury; best bull and his progeny, B F & H A Harrington; N Walling, Millbury; best bull, B F & H A Harrington, N Walling; best yearling bull, V A Davis, Charlton; best bull calf, C Moore, Jr.; best heifer over 3 years, E F Chamberlin, N Walling, Millbury; best 2 year old, B F & H A Harrington, E F Chamberlin; best yearling, B F & H A Harrington, N Walling, Millbury; best calf, B F & H A Harrington.

Dutch Cattle—L G Moore, for 3 year old heifer.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sheep—Best ewes, Wm U Maynard, Shrewsbury; best buck, J E Goodell; best lamb, J E Goodell.

Swine—Best boar, A E Knight, West Boylston; best sow, two years old, A E Knight; best pigs, A E Knight, G P Young; best yearling sow, L Pierce.

Poultry—Turkeys, Marble Putnam, Sutton. Ducks—S Farwell. Geese—1st and 2d, Patrick Dodge. Fowls—Second best pair, Wm Eaton.

Fruit—Apples, best twenty varieties, Chas. Goodale; best ten varieties, O B Hadwen; best Gravenstein, C Rice; best Baldwin, Wm Eaton; best Rhode Island Greening, Wm Eaton; best Roxbury Russet, Wm Eaton; best ten varieties O B Hadwen; best six varieties C L Harrington. Peaches, Wm Eaton. Quinces, B F & H A Harrington. Grapes—Concord, T W Merrifield; Hartford Prolific, Wm Eaton.

Field Crops—Best collection, John Farwell; N S Walker, Shrewsbury; best potatoes, F J Kinsley, L G Moore, N A Foster; marrow squashes, J F Eaton, Auburn, N A Foster; Hubbard squashes, H Moore, Rutland, Wm. Eaton; Turban squash, N F Foster, Horatio Moore, Rutland; onions, L G Moore, S Parker, Holden; Geo. Robbins; cabbage, J S Berry; best 12 beets, Holden; celery, H R & L F Kinne; table beets, N Potter; English turnips, C L Harrtshorn; best Ruta Baga, Geo. Robbins; best 12 carrots, Wm Eames; mangle wurtzels, C L Hartshorn; field corn, Geo. Robbins, L G Moore; sweet corn D. B. Aldrich, Auburn; spring wheat, L G Moore, Chas. L Best; Hubbard squash, Horatio Moore; N B Bates; winter rye, L G. Moore, C E Parker, Holden; barley, L G Moore; oats, C E Parker, H G Moore.

Butter—Best, Mrs. D G Aldrich. Cheese—best, 1st and 2d, J C Converse, New Braintree. Sage cheese—best, J C Converse. Factory cheese—Barre Central Cheese Co.

Bread—Wheat, Miss A E Ross; unbolted wheat, Miss M W Marcy.

Domestic manufactures, first premium to Miss Julia A Weston; second, Mrs. Lizzie Harrington, Miss Julia A Weston; floral design, Miss A H Chamberlin; wax flowers, Miss Carrie J Bassett.

GRADE OR NATIVE STOCK.

Herds—Best herd of any grade consisting of not less than four females, J S Ellsworth, D G Aldrich.

Working Steers—1st, E T Bates, Mendon; 2d, A P Dodge, Sutton.

Ploughing Match—Oxen, Rufus King, Sutton; Simeon Carpenter, Charlton; Jerome Carpenter, Charlton. Horses, O H Wheelock, F L Mason, Shrewsbury.

Heifers not having had a calf—2 years old, E W Wheeler; 1 year old, J P Eaton, Worcester. Calves, C F Foster, Holden.

Fat Cattle—Best fat ox, 1st and 2d, Elliot Swan; fat cow, J L Ellsworth.

Milch Heifers—Best three year old, having had calf, J L Ellsworth; two year old, E F Chamberlin.

Working Oxen—Over 5 years old, Simon Carpenter, Charlton; 4 yr 6 mos old, O Bullen, Mendon; for fancy trained oxen, Simon Carpenter, Charlton.

Steers—2 years old, S F Marsh, Sutton; yearlings, E R Carpenter, Charlton; calves, H Putnam, Grafton.

HORSES.

Stallions, 4 years old—J G Wood, Millbury, for Blackstone; M Dolbeare, Worcester; Gifford; 3 year olds, J G Wood, for Brokenbridge; 2 year olds, J G Wood, Millbury, 1st for Boylston, 2d for Sutton.

Brood Mares—6 years old and over, J E Russell, Leicester; O B Wyman, Shrewsbury. Under 6 years, L A Walker. Best Horse Colts, J E Russell, J. G. Wood, S. J. Smith.

Family Horses—Matched pairs, best, Jerome Marble. Single Horses, L. Pierce, West Boylston; D Warren; T Harrington, Southbridge. Gelding or Mare, not over 5 years old, J E Abbott. Yearlings, A Scarlett, West Boylston.

On the second or horse day, the sun appeared about for the first time for a week, and the sky through the morning was partially clear and sparkling which put a very different aspect upon everything, but it was not sufficient to get out any considerable number of farmers. The stock had been removed, and he charm wrs gone.

The grand cavalcade opened the ball at nine o'clock, during the exhibition of all the classes of horses took place, under the supervision of Solomon Shumway of Webster, Chief Marshal, and the following gentlemen as Aids: Jos. L. P Hall of Barnard; Wm. M. Johnson of Worcester, Nathaniel Sessions of Worcester, Albert Barnes of Webster, Horace W Bacon of Southbridge, Bela J Stone of Westboro'. This was followed by an exhibition of broad mares and colts, and fillies and gelding colts, after which the carriage, family and gentlemen's driving horses were exhibited, and their speed tested. Fourteen horses appeared, the most notable of which were those of A. D. Warren, S. D. Houghton, Calvin Farnsworth, H. L. Savage and Col. J A Titus of Worcester. Dr. Bates of mixed breed horses were brought out, conspicuous among which for style and action were a handsome pair of bays belonging to J rome Marble of Worcester, and for speed those of Wm. F Taylor. The other pairs were owned by C B Pratt and O L Hatch of Worcester and T Harrington of Southbridge. Stallions were exhibited at eleven o'clock, when Moses Dollier Cilford, W A Henderson's Morgan Messenger General Havelock, and F G Woods's (of Millbury) Hambletonian, Broken Lance, displayed the respective qualities. Dinner was served at the farmers' hour for noontime, when the award of premiums was announced.

Then came the trots, a trial of speed, and a handle race.

The dinner was served in the hall of the society, by the President, Charles B. Pratt, Esq., in the chair. Speeches were made by stephen Salisbury, Esq., who announced the principle by a hearing account of the past history of the exhibitions of the society. Geo. D. Davis, of Northboro', Geo. H Harlow, of Shrewsbury, Rev. J O Knowles of Worcester, Joshua T Everett of Princeton, and others followed.

[1] Mr. Morgan's Lectures.—Rev. Henry Morgan of Morgan Chapel, Boston, will deliver three more lectures this season, commencing in Boston Music Hall, Oct 6, with, "Slavery of Fashion; Old Bonnets and they that wear them." "Wh Men don't Marry, Woman's extravagance." Oct. 20, "City Politics, Rings and Junkettings." Mr. Morgan expects to realize $10,000 by his new lecture on "Old Bonnets." A lecture on "East Young Men" nearly paid for the Morgan Chapel property, now worth $100,000. A lecture to young women on "Extravagance in Fashion," may lift its present indebtedness. He is receiving many calls for this lecture. As he has no paid agents, no bureau fees to pay, he can afford a lecture at reasonable rates. Address at Boston

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 28, 1872.

THE VERMONT CENTRAL RAILROAD IN TROUBLE.

Recent disclosures in regard to the financial condition and management of the Vermont Central Railroad, indicate that its condition is anything but one of prosperity, under its present board of trustees for the bondholders. During the past few years they have been carrying out plans of consolidation, having leased the Rutland and Burlington, and by other connections on Connecticut river, securing a through route to New York. It has been looked upon as one of the great lines to the West, and has had an important connection with the growing commerce of Boston. Either from bad management, or from competition and the want of it, or from both, the Vermont Central has fallen into a sad condition. The road is mortgaged for more than it is worth, and the interest on its $12,000,000 of bonds and guaranteed stock. The annual obligations of this and the Vermont and Canada roads for dividends, interest and rents of other roads are more than $2,000,000; the net incomes of their own and the leased roads for the year ending June 1, 1871, as appears by their report, were $858,904.38, showing a deficiency of more than $1,100,000. In the spring of 1871 they had a floating debt of $1,500,000, the Vermont and Canada road guar anteed $1,000,000 bonds and issued $500,000 stock, and in that way the debt was paid. Now, at the end of another year, they come to the Vermont and Canada stockholders and ask them to provide for another floating debt of $2,000,000. In 1864 the Vermont and Canada stock and bonded indebtedness on the Vermont and Canada and Vermont Central amounted to $4,750,000; now including the present floating debt it amounts to $12,500,000, an increase of $7,750,000; and the incumbrances on the property are more than $70,000 per mile.

An editorial article in the *Journal* says:

There will be a very general feeling of regret that the financial troubles which have been impending over the Vermont Central Railroad culminated on Saturday in the notes of the company going to protest. This was owing in part to the stringency of the money market, which has been very short for the past few days, and in part to exaggerated reports of the condition of the company's affairs, which at the best are in a very unfavorable condition. The consolidation of the roads which form the Vermont Central line has, through bad management and errors of judgment in leasing other roads by the Central at rates which experience has proved not pay, proved a failure, so serious a failure that the entire system will probably have to be re-arranged and a new one adopted. It was hoped yesterday that some arrangements would be made in a day or two which would at least temporarily relieve the company from its embarrassments, until the trustees can make a full and complete explanation of the manner in which the present embarrassments have arisen. This it is expected they will do at once—and it is due to the public, and especially those interested directly in the security upon which the line is based. Of course the notes of the company going to protest on Saturday knocked the prices of these securities down to a very low figure, and it was almost impossible to get an offer for them at all.

The New Season.—The Fair being over, and the summer absentees returned from their wanderings and loiterings, a more bracing atmosphere will make us all ready to take hold of the new season's duties with an increased zest and energy. Everybody, we doubt not, is glad to be back at his post, for there is where habit has made life most comfortable. Trade will resume its sway, from the great commercial centres on the seaboard to the small towns of the interior. Exchange and distribution naturally follow production, and so the merchant follows close in the footsteps of the farmer. The round of duties and interest is as fresh as the course of the seasons and the movements of the heavenly bodies.

Short Crop in England. In England, Scotland and Ireland the potato crop is said to be short, and wide-spread suffering among the working classes and the poor is anticipated. To aggravate the expected distress, the foot-and-mouth nil is rapidly spreading among the cattle, so that meat threatens to be at once scarce and dear. We commiserate our brethren across the water, and wish there was a more direct way of helping them out of their troubles than through the circuitous channel of trade and exchange. Providence has been bounteous to us on this side in all respects, and the common sympathy there will therefore be deeper than ever. It is becoming more and more apparent, however, that the territory of the British Isles is too crowded, and we see with a double satisfaction that large numbers of the English, in particular, are preparing to emigrate in organized colonies.

Chicago Rising.—Not from its ruins simply, but in its spirit. Since the event of the Great Fire a class of lawless ruffians have taken advantage of the intensely preoccupied attention of every honest citizen to indulge in predatory excursions and their habits of violence; the most atrocious murders having been committed in rapid succession on the public streets, and punishment for a long time not following them up as it ought. At length the citizens have grown impatient and indignant, and held an impromptu meeting to see what could be done. They passed a resolution, that they were determined hereafter that persons convicted of murder should be hanged; and they appointed a committee of twenty-five citizens to aid the authorities in executing the laws. This is not exactly a vigilance committee, yet it is practically that. Aiding the authorities means, seeing that they do their duty, or have it done for them.

Bloomingdale.—The particular sensation in New York at present, is the investigation into all exposure of the abuses practiced within the walls of the Bloomingdale Insane Asylum. A *Tribune* reporter surreptitiously gained a temporary residence in order to expose the whole affair in print. And the publication of his story, including what he witnessed and heard, as well as what he experienced, was so stirring that it has gained the attention of the whole community. Gov. Hoffman has ordered a thorough investigation, while the friends of several of the inmates are removing them from their former place of confinement from a want of confidence in the management. That these Insane Asylums are liable to abuse, and indeed are abused, very few people now pretend to deny. It is therefore, the more necessary that they should at all times be amenable to the law and its untiring agents in their treatment of the unfortunate.

THE PROVINCETOWN COD FISHERY. The last cod fishing vessel of the Provincetown fleet out on the spring trips returned from the Grand Banks on the 16th inst. The Yarmouth *Register* says that not a man or a vessel has been lost during the entire season. The average catch has been good, and the size and quality of the fish are excellent, unusual care having been taken in dressing, cleaning and salting on board, and much pains have evidently been bestowed upon washing most of the fares landed. The reduction of the fleet from 77 sail last year to 58 sail this year produces a corresponding reduction in the catch, there being in last season about 90,0 0 quintals to little more than 50,000 quintals this season.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE FAIR.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

The eighteenth annual Fair of the New Hampshire agricultural society will be held in the city of Dover Oct. 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th next, and they offer $3000 in premiums and gratuities The Fair will be held in the commodious grounds of the Cocheco Riding Park, situated in the south western part of the city. it contains about 40 acres, and a beautiful grove of several acres is within its limits.

The grounds are being put in good condition under the direction of Col. Daniel Hall, General Supt. 120 pens for stocks are being erected, 110 stalls for trotting horses &c., two large tents will be erected for the show of domestic manufactures, fruit &c. Every effort is being made by the citizens of Dover and officers of the society to make this the best exhibition ever held by the society. It is expected that all the towns will contribute large town teams, the entries of cattle, sheep, swine &c., are already very large. Ward Parker of Merimack will exhibit his celebrated herd of Devons, Arthur Clough of Canterbury will exhibit a herd of Herefords, and Hon. Frank Jones of Portsmouth will exhibit his celebrated stock. Asa S. Barker of Dover will act as chief marshal during the Fair. Gen. B. F. Butler has been invited to deliver the annual address. On the first day of the Fair Gov. Straw and Staff and other distinguished gentlemen are expected to be present. Railroads will carry stock and articles for exhibition free of charge, and passengers at reduced rates. Farmers' meetings will be held in the city hall in the evenings during the Fair. Everything is being managed to make the Fair a grand success. E. K. G.

Dover, Sept., 18, 1872.

Post Office Thieves.—In spite of the utmost vigilance and precaution, knavery will creep out from time to time in a large Post Office like ours, and several such cases have been brought to light here within a few months. Purloining valuable letters is an offence that deserves to be punished with a severity commensurate with the confidence which the public has to repose in its public servants. The thief is always a simpleton as well as a knave, for it is impossible for him long to escape detection; in fact, he is sure to betray himself at last. Several newspaper publishers have been victimized by the recent dishonesty discovered in the Boston Office, and they pushed an investigation which brought the rogue to the surface. One thing is certain, that all such characters are apt to be dealt with to the full extent of the law when overhauled in this particular latitude.

SOLDIERS' MONUMENT DEDICATED.—Last Tuesday was the day fixed for the dedication o' the soldiers' monument erected at Pittsfield in memory of the fallen heroes of the war. The monument is of bronze, and represents a color-sergeant carrying his flag, descending in graceful folds about his shoulders. This figure is elevated upon a shaft resting upon a heavy pedestal, and as a work of art is almost perfect, while as an appropriate selection its fitness cannot be questioned. Its cost was $25,000. The ceremonies of the day were of an exceedingly interesting character. The procession was composed of several ecclesmanderies of Knight Templars, and the Second, Tenth, Twenty-First, Twenty-Seventh, Thirty-First, Thirty-Fourth, Thirty-Seventh Forty-Ninth, Fifty-Seventh and Sixty-First Regiments of Massachusetts Volunteer Militia. Among the distinguished guests were Gov. Washburn, Hon. Thomas Colt, Lieut.-Gov. Tucker, Gen. Bartlett, Gen. Cunningham and Cols. Palfrey, Stover and Ripley, of the Governor's staff. The oration was delivered by George William Curtis, Esq., and was able, eloquent and admirably adapted to the occasion.

CHANGE IN THE THRONE OF SWEDEN.—[illegible] age and the 14th of his reign. He was the grandson of Marechal Bernadotte, one of Napoleon I.'s Brummagem princes,—he was Prince of Ponto Corvo,— who was called to the succession to the Swedish throne sixty-two years since, and who began to reign in 1818. Charles XV. left no son, and the throne goes to his brother, Oscar, who is in his 44th year, and who will reign as Oscar II. He has four sons, so that the family is not likely to die out soon. We speak of Oscar II. on the supposition that the crown does not descend in the female line, for Charles XV. left a daughter, who is married to the heir apparent to the throne of Denmark. It was supposed that the marriage was made to bring about a union of the Scanian Kingdoms.

THE CHOLERA.—Cholera is raging in Bokhara, the number of deaths being put at 1000 a-day, which is a great number, even if we suppose that by Bokhara the country is meant, as that probably does not contain much above a million of people; and a wonderful number, if Bokhara the city is meant, as that city never was supposed to have a population of more than 72,000. Bokhara is spoken of as lying near Persia, but though it is a neighbor of the Shah's famine stricken territory, it lies due north from Affghanistan, —and Affghanistan is due east from Persia.

Advices from Bucharest in Roumania, give later particulars of the dreadful ravages of the cholera in the Danubian principalities. There is no abatement to the spread of the epidemic, and it is estimated that over ten thousand persons have already died from the disease. The nature of the plague is epidemic in the extreme, and it is feared will spread over the entire country. A large number of physicians, Sisters of Charity and other persons disposed to minister to the afflicted, have arrived at Bucharest from St. Petersburg, Odessa and other neighboring cities. Great impetus is given to the disease in Bucharest, from the swampy nature of the location and filthy condition of the city itself. The disease has been most virulent in those sections of the city where filthy mud huts and cabins abound, hundreds of which have been depopulated; in many instances the inmates dying from want of care, and the bodies left unburied for several days.

EXCURSION OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS.—The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers took its annual excursion Monday to Alton Bay and Centre Harbor via Boston & Maine Railroad. The train left this city at 6 A. M., having a large number on the train at the start, and the number was increased by large additions taken on at Stoneham, Wakefield Junction, Lawrence and Haverhill. The party took the steamer at Centre Harbor, and dined on the trip across the lake, some 1500 persons sitting down to dinner. Ample preparations had been made for the reception of the party previous to its arrival and the banquet was prepared and served in the very best manner. The day throughout was pleasant, and the trip was highly enjoyed by all.

CAPT. HALL'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—A correspondent of the Gloucester *Telegraph* says the past winter was a most extraordinary one on the west coast of Greenland, extremely mild and with very little ice. Nothing has been heard from Capt. Hall in the Polaris since last fall, when he left Uppernavik. It was supposed he would have a splendid opportunity to explore the North, as the accounts from the most Northern Danish settlements all agree as to the mild winter.

ST. LOUIS FAIR.— The St. Louis Fair commences on Thursday, October 3d, and closes Saturday the 12th. Forty thousand dollars will be distributed in premiums, of which $10,000 is for cotton. No entry fees are charged, and competition is open for the world. The arrangements for the entertainment will doubtless surpass that of any other year.

LETTER FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE

Editor of Massachusetts Ploughman:

At the rate our railroads are increasing it would seem as if New England would have enough of them within the next fifty years. What a weight of iron is in them all!—did you ever think of it?

Sitting facing a great pile of car wheels to-day, I thought of it. Pile all the car wheels together, and all the iron rails together, and run all the engines together, and weigh them. You can't do it. But you can tell pretty near what it would amount to, without weighing, if you have got figures enough, and time enough. It would be a good sum for a schoolboy; of course you and I haven't got the time.

Of one thing I am quite certain, however, when I look at my railroad map and see the iron bands spreading out from "the hub" and crossing each other in every direction,—which is, that there are enough of these iron bands to keep the country from being blown away.

They used to say that New England would be left out in the cold; but it has'nt seemed very much like being out in the cold this summer; and even if there was a possibility of it, a glance at our railroad map would show that she has taken very effective means to keep herself warm. She won't be blown away nor freeze to death at present,—unless the sun gives out.

If one could have foretold the present state of things fifty years ago, he wouldn't have been called a prophet, only a crazy man. His story would have been deemed the craziest one that a crazy man ever told. Now it is possible that we are as much in the dark as to what will transpire within the next fifty years, as were our fathers in regard to what has transpired within the last fifty years. Before that time, if Agassiz lives, he will find out just how the world was made, and when,—all about it.

It isn't forty years yet, since people rode out from the Boston to the three-quarters of the earth in stage coaches. To the other quarter they went by sea. When a farmer went on a journey, it was with his own horse and thorough brace wagon; and he found entertainment for man and beast at the numerous wayside inns. Then every village had its "tavern;" and some more than one; and there were many well known landmarks, like the "Old Howe Tavern," in Marlboro', standing all alone by the wayside.

Now the taverns are gone, and we have hotels in the towns. The country villages that were once on the great lines of travel, are now isolated, and few strangers enter within their limits. Large towns have grown up in most improbable places; the whole character of the country is changed, and all in consequence of railroads.

There is a mystery to me, about railroads; I can't see how some of them are supported. I am inclined to think that some sections of the country will get enough before long.

In consequence of railroads we have come to be a travelling community. The railroad has become the greatest enlightener of mankind, because it so mixes up the people and shows them to one another. If that idea isn't well expressed I have no objection to any one's improving upon it. It is safe to say that railroads have increased the growth of our country more than any other one thing could have increased it, and also brought us to a higher plane of intelligence.

But I did not intend to say much about railroads—I was thinking only of the iron, at first.

Hotels were what I had principally in mind;—what disappointing places they sometimes are, one way or the other. A man who is forced to live much at hotels gets a taste of all sorts of living. In judging of a hotel you cannot tell from the look of the outside what you will find inside. Some promise a great deal and give little, and some make no pretensions and please one mightily. I know where to find both kinds. My last hotel disappointment was so positive that it is still fresh in my mind. The hotel may be in any one of the six New England States, it makes no difference which, but it is a growing place, and a railroad centre. This is only a year ago. Outside it had the appearance of being *the* house of the place, and as I like good quarters, I thought I would stop there. I was a little surprised to find a boy raising a good sized dust by sweeping out the office, though it was in the last half of the day. The clerk was absent, and after looking round a little I found him engaged in a game of billiards, which I had not the heart to interrupt. When he was at leisure I asked him to show me to a room, and he sent the boy with me to the third floor.

The room was disappointing; because, in the first place, I saw that they did not always change the bed-clothes for new comers. I always look at the bed the first thing; if that is all right I can put up with anything else. I have come to be a good judge of beds. In the next place, there was no towel; and when I would ring the bell that I might beseech for one, the bell-cord had been broken off four feet higher than I could reach and was hung upon a clothes-hook. Then, when I had got the towel and essayed to wash, there was no soap.

My wife said I, when the obliging maid brought the soap, "what sort of a house do you keep here?"

"We keeps a first class house, sir,—its the—— House. Is there anything more, sir?"

"I believe I have got all, now;" and the woman went away, feeling that I was well provided for, probably.

At the supper table the vacant seats were so many that I had a suspicion that the house was not paying, though the steak was good and well cooked. But when I came to excavate in the butter, I found that some one had been putting blackberries in it; though what their object could have been I could not imagine They were good wholesome looking blackberries, but still they seemed a little out of place in the butter. As I don't like mine mixed, I was not very hard on the butter, but patronized the "plain" berries, which I put away unused.

I went to bed in the second hand sheets, reasoning that it was quite likely the last man who slept in them was as good as I. But I had not been in bed long before I was aware I had company. Whether there was one or several, I could not tell; but as I was very sleepy and as the bed seemed large enough I thought we could get along together till morning, and remained quiet. If I had not been a very sound sleeper I am sure I should have been disturbed, for when I looked at my bed by daylight, I found more than one flat-backed lodger still occupying it.

But that was not all, for I finally came to want to look at myself, and then I found what I had not observed before, that the flat-backed lodgers had carried off the looking glass. I supposed it was they, and I thought it quite probable too, that it was they who had appropriated the soap and broken the bell-cord. I thought at first that I would speak to the landlord about it; but on reflection I concluded I would let him find it out for himself.

Very fortunately he had some good bath-rooms in the house, and a looking glass down stairs; so I was enabled to leave in good condition; though before I left I wrote down the name of the other house in my memorandum book, thinking I would do well to try that next time.

Of course we don't meet with a hotel of that kind very often, but there is a great difference in hotels. As a general thing our hotels are well kept, and therefore when we do come to a poor one the difference is the more noticeable. No lazy, careless, or stingy man should ever try to keep a hotel.

Since I wrote you last the weather has changed to a delightful coolness, and I have come from the green hills to the white. I would say a word of the farmers and their crops in this vicinity, and of the beautiful shores of Winnipisaukee, but my letters spin out to an undue length before I am aware of it, and therefore I will delay that till another time. CORONAL SQUIB.

Plymouth, N. H., Sept. 6, 1872.

☞ An advertisement in another column sets forth the peculiar advantages offered to invalids by Mrs. Tuck's Hygienic Retreat at South Weymouth, fifteen miles from Boston. Her long experience in the treatment of disease in the noisy and crowded city has convinced her of the advantages to be secured for patients by retirement. The Retreat is pleasantly situated, and its homelike features will doubtless commend it to the suffering.

☞ Loss of appetite, heartburn, palpitation of the heart, dizziness, sleeplessness, constipation, wind, mental and physical debility and melancholy are caused by a disarrangement of the digestive organs. To thoroughly master these symptoms, WHITE'S Specialty for Dyspepsia, *is the only prompt, effective and safe remedy.* H. G. WHITE, Proprietor, 107 Washington street, Boston. Price $1 per bottle.

☞ Vegetine is not a stimulating bitters which tends to fictitious appetite, but a gentle tonic which assists nature to restore the stomach to a healthy action.

☞ The question of health is one of the greatest importance to our well-being, and anything which will conduce to preserve it should not be overlooked. At this season AYWOOD'S QUININE TONIC BITTERS fortifies and stimulates the nervous system and wards off disease.

☞ Dew is most fancifully styled "the perspiration of the moon," by a Pittsburg poet. By all means clip his wings.

— A society in France has been organized to erect schoolhouses in destitute places.

— There were a hundred more deaths than births in New York, last week.

READ AND RUN.

— The Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows of the United States held a successful convention at Baltimore, which adjourned on Friday last.

— The Park question is being pushed with a great deal of energy and purpose by the citizens of Boston.

— New York taxpayers show signs of revolting against their assessments for front improvements, their concrete being charged to them as high as ten dollars per foot.

— Commissioners from the different States are already being appointed to the Vienna Exposition of next year.

— Joaquin Miller, the Oregon poet, now in this city superintending the publication of a volume of poems, proposes to pass the winter in Washington.

— The Maine Agricultural Fair had most unpropitious weather up to the last day.

— Gen. Crook is having serious trouble with the Apache Indians.

— The Postmaster General insists that mail matter, insufficiently stamped, shall be made to pay double postage at its point of destination. Heretofore it has been considered right to pay for the stamps that were deficient, but this decision makes one pay over again for what he has already stamped.

— The Bank of Commerce of Newport finally concluded to pay the check of Henry N. Smith for $131,000, which it had previously refused in order to prevent a "lock up" of currency.

—Senator Garrett Davis, of Kentucky, died at his home in Paris, Ky., after an illness of four weeks, at the age of seventy-two years.

— Dakotah citizens are struggling to rid themselves of pesky horse thieves by stringing them on telegraph poles.

— The Cincinnati Exposition has been one of the great affairs of the year so far.

— There has been a contest with pistols between the Peruvian and Spanish Consuls at Hong Kong.

— Autumn has set in since the equinox, with some specimens of the calmest, dreamiest days ever vouchsafed out of the heavens.

— The military display at Berlin in the presence of the three emperors, is described as a spectacle absolutely wonderful in its several features. The vast body of troops showed the effects of generations of dogged drill in their evolutions.

— Edmund About, the writer who was arrested near Strasbourg, by the Geneva authorities, has been released for the reason that no case could be made out against him.

— The French Ministry is undergoing some modifications in its construction.

— The Emperor of Germany is reported to have decided the San Juan boundary dispute with Great Britain in favor of the United States.

— The Fall races at the different parks about the country are coming off with their usual animation and success.

— A steam-tug exploded her boiler in New York Bay last Sunday morning, scalding the captain and two other men fatally.

— Forrester's defence on the charge of murdering Nathan is an *alibi*.

— Spain proposes to enter with fresh energy upon the conquest of Cuba, though she has got to go into the market for a loan of one hundred millions first.

— The house in which the late Senator Fessenden was born was destroyed by fire last week on Boscawen Plain.

— At a meeting of locomotive engineers in this city a few days since, the veteran present was an engine driver who had served for thirty-five years on the Boston and Maine Railroad.

— The State Fair at Bangor received in gross thirteen and a half thousand dollars.

— A torpedo boat at Brooklyn Navy Yard sank with three men on board, who were rescued after being under water three hours.

— The fifteenth anniversary of the daily noon prayer meetings has been observed in New York, in the Old Dutch Church.

— The President was to hold another "talk" with the Indians to-day.

— A wealthy lady of South Paris, Me., Mrs. Stewart, has been missing since the middle of last week.

— New York has a pie bakers' association, with a capital of three hundred thousand dollars. All to make "pizen things!"

— Thirty-five hundred strangers and tourists have visited Mt. Desert, Maine, during the season.

— Two ladies have been regularly admitted to legal practice in Utah.

— Cholera is spreading rapidly in Roumania, lying between Turkey and Russia. It is epidemic, and ten thousand persons have already died of the disease.

— Bunker Hill is the name of a county seat in Kansas.

— The water in the streams of the valley of Virginia have become so low that manufacturing operations have stopped altogether.

— The poor in Berlin live in deserted old omnibuses and railroad carriages, for want of house room.

— Forrester was discharged from arrest on the charge of murdering Mr. Nathan, the evidence against him being entirely insufficient.

—A lot of Providence City Water Bonds of 1900, five per cents, brought at auction in this market last Saturday, ninety-one and a half.

—The new express day line of the Boston, Hartford and Erie Railroad, by the way of Long Island, is doing an excellent business, though it has been open now less than a month.

— Our market is profusely supplied with fruits and vegetables at this season, and all are of good qual ty.

—Mr. John P. Batchelder, of Dover, on his return home from Boston one evening last week, was overhauled by highwaymen in Newton, rendered insensible, and robbed. It was a most outrageous case, and the victim is not expected to live.

—Senator Sumner is in Paris, where he will remain until into November, when he will return in time for the session of Congress.

—The German army of occupation in France is to be greatly reduced as soon as the French Government pays over its next instalment of the indemnity agreed upon.

—The Lyceums are selling their tickets for winter courses with promptness, and they look forward to a most successful season.

—Johnson, the Sub Treasury defaulter in New York, managed to abstract $186,000 in the whole, which was squandered on stocks.

—Ismael Pacha is to build a twenty-five million dollar railroad in Egypt.

—The Government thinks of raising the hull of the Steamer Metis, to ascertain just what damage was done her by contact with the schooner in Long Island Sound.

— The Water Board of the City has taken measures to supply drinking-troughs for horses in such quarters as they are needed in.

— Hon. Marshall P. Wilder celebrated his seventy-fourth birthday last Sunday. He is as hale and active as ever.

—Anthracite coal is arriving at this port by water in very large quantities.

— The Ancient and Honorable Artillery will go to Duxbury to assist in laying the corner-stone of the Standish Monument.

— The Old Colony Railroad has commenced the extension of its track from West Quincy to Braintree.

— The "Gentlemen Cricketers" now here from England have made up several games with our players, and the Harvard lads think of taking a hand with them.

— The daughter of ex-President Woolsey is a popular writer for the young, over the name of "Susan Coolidge."

— The Russian minister to France has assured President Thiers of the sincere friendship of Russia for the French government and people.

— The steamship China, of the Cunard line, was compelled to put back to Queenstown on account of the disabling of her machinery.

— The mare Hester trotted three miles at Prospect Park, last Saturday, in the unprecedented time of seven minutes, twenty-one and a quarter seconds.

— In a New York tenement house, a few nights since, while the wedding of a young couple was going on in one room, a murder was perpetrated in the room directly over them.

— A steam canal boat, fully freighted, has successfully passed up the Erie Canal.

— San Francisco owns more clippers than any other port on the globe, but that may easily be accounted for by her great distance from the courses and centres of trade.

—Pontoon bridges for every day use are coming into fashion in Texas.

— A hundred and thirty millions is the insurance on Ohio people and their goods.

— Dwellers along the line of the Boston and Albany railroad are delighted to be relieved of the horrid noises of the steam whistle.

— How to cross the Atlantic, or even the English Channel, without being seasick, is at present engaging the attention of M. Bessemer, the inventor of the new mode of making steel.

— The Chinese youth who have been sent over to this country to receive an English education, have been distributed in families in New Haven, Springfield, and other places.

— A Boston firm has gone into the manufacture of corsets and similar articles in Nantucket, employing nearly one hundred persons.

— No one can seem to explain why the Mass. Horticultural Society, with its fine display of fruit and flowers, cannot meet their expenses.

Marine Items.

WHALERS.

A letter dated Bay of Islands Aug 6, reports the following whalers in May: Milton, Wilson, N B

...BANY MARKET.

...the market for the week under review ...gree of animation, still the volume of ... large, and a paying one to most of the ... trade has passed, and only shrewd ... attentively watch the Western move... and tightly anticipate the wants of the ... only ones that are now making money

...market concentration in business from ...t no monopoly can control the market, ...ough transient visitors engaged in the ...ekly visit us, to upset, if not to mollify, ...nation.

...his fact simply for the purpose of com... ...neous opinion that has been circulated ... to the leading dealers too, are at the ...rse. Very many herds sold in this mar... are barely paid their cost and expense, ... a small commission was realized, ... numbering 8517 head, about 2,400 in ...h, the average quality of the offerings ... There were only 50 sells of Texans ... and many of them were below the ...ese of the same average weight, and of ...

...of the market the prices realized for all ...not same as last week. But sellers con... ...ings into consideration. Cattle were ... sure, fat and fle by, and doubtless will ...ue to the drover.

...k, however, was so small as not to be ...en the trade has been dragging, and if ...et was easier to-day, and for weight, ... off lots of weights. Choice stock held ... doubtless be sold at their opening rates ...eipts of the week are all yarded, for a ...ore at noon from a reliable source says: ... nothing shipped and nothing here." ...e market to-morrow at West Albany ... enough in the lanes at noon to gobble

...following are the receipts of the week ...from the Yards of the Central railroad;

	Cattle.	Sheep.	Hogs,
.....	5	9	
.....	2	3	33
.....	61	3	33
.....	89	9	55
.....	142	26	45
.....	132	20	25
.....	47	13	17
.....	501	97	280

...comparative statement of the receipts ...the Central Railroad for the week end... previous, estimating cattle 17 head to ...ad:

...week.	Last week.	Total since Jan. 1.
...00	6,120	278,228
...00	28,300	459,000
...00		300,100

...ts of comparative value to correspond ...f the market this week:

This week.	Last week.
$8 12@8 25	$7 25@8 00
7 75@8 00	6 75@7 62
6 75@7 50	6 00@7 00
5 50@6 25	5 00@6 00
4 00@5 25	3 25@5 00
3 00@5 50	2 50@4 75

...here is a slight improvement noted ...the market. Not only is the demand ...pply is larger, embracing very many ...ers. They have been sold as high as ...y animal will bring that price. The ... from $3@$ 3.50.

...the week has been large and the mar... in the week the supply was light; ...dence of buyers of the business was not ...other active for the amount of stock ...shipped to New York Thursday eve... ...ash were made early in the supply of the ...l car load having been taken for the ...ep 4@4c, lambs, 6@8½c.

...best is showing a slight symptom of ...e the season advances,an increase in ...ired. The sales of the week are con... ...State at 6@6½c in car and deck load ...

E CATTLE MARKET.

...market this week opened with a little ...t exhibited last week, but the heavy ...and lower grades weakened prices ...k, and they became dull and heavy. ...hile the better grades, which were ...ree, maintained their former quota... ...arger part of the arrivals were this ...s were bought by Pennsylvania deal... ...ll be reshipped East. being left over, ...all sold.

...ttle ranged as follows:

...@6.75; that generally rated first quality ... or good fair quality 4c@5.50; ... oxen and Cows $3.50@4.00 inferior ... of Cattle 3@4c; general average ... extreme range of prices $3.50@6.75. ...ere were from $4.25@5.25 per bullock. ...falling off of the supply of them ...ared with our last report, and prices ...ly a shade, there being no Eastern ...and, and our home butchers having ... full markets pretty fully supplied ... sheep are rather scarce, and in good ...readily taken as fast as they appear ... sheep at 4½@5½c and good to extra ...@6c. Lambs 6@8½c per lb. ...this week has been fully supplied ...quite as still as they were at the close ...ek fewer have been coming at our ...ce corralled hogs at 8@8½ 50 and still ... 100 lbs net.

...ressly for the Ploughman.

ITCHEN MARKET.

...k ending Sept. 26, 1872.

...TTLE PRICES.

QUINCY MARKET.

	Pork, Lard, &c.
...ten &	*Corrected by Flint & Rich ards, No. 29.*
...l.	Fresh Pork, ₩ lb...11 @12
...@25	Clear Salt Pork.....9 @10
...@25	Sliced Ham .....
...@25	Single Ham..... 13 @14
...@25	Corned Shoulders... 8 @ 9
...@14	Rolleide ..... 9 @10
...@12	Sausages..... @12
...@20	Pigs' Feet..... @ 5
...@20	Lard ..... @10
...&c.	Veal & Mutton.
...ber.	*Corrected by Hiscox & Sea ...81.*
...@53	Veal, Leg..... 20 @22
...@50	Veal, Shoulder ..... @15
...@50	Lamb, Spring, ₩ ..... @25
...@50	Mutton, Leg ..... 14 @15
...@14	Mutton, Shoulder ..... 12@13
...try,	Game, &c.
...N.	*Robbins, Nos. 33 & 35.*
...@25	Partridges pr. 1 25 @1 50
...@50	Pigeons, Stall fed ..... 2 00@3 00
...@50	Wild pigeons,all 50 @2 00
...@53	Ducks, Mallard .....
...@50	₩ pair ..... @
...@50	Teal, ₩ pair ..... @1 00
...@50	Snipe, ₩ doz ..... @
...@50	Brant, ₩ pair. ..... @
...@50	Venison ..... @
...Fish, &c.	
...ker & Rich, Nos. 113 and 117.	
...@17	Mackerel,Spanish, ₩ lb ..... @
...@1 00	Oysters, solid, ₩ gallon ..... @1 00
...@15	Do in shells, ₩ doz. ..... @ 17
...@ 7	Pickerel ..... 17 @ 20
...@ 7	Quohaugs, solid, ₩ gallon ..... @ 50
...@12	Salmon, fresh ..... 25 @ 60
...@20	Salmon,Pickled ..... @ 20
...@17	Salmon, new, ...
...@50	Smoked..... 25 @ 30
...@15	Scollops, ₩ gal ..... @ 75
...@ 8	Shad, each ..... @ 75
...@20	Sword Fish ..... @ 15
...@ 7	Tautaug..... @ 10
...@25	Tongues and Sounds ..... @ 13
...@ 6	White Perch ..... @ 12½
...and	Vegetables.
...f, Smith & Co., Nos. 97 and 99.	
...37	VEGETABLES.
...	Beets, peck. 25 @
...	Beans, white, ₩ peck.....1 00 @1 50
...	Beans, sh'd, qt. 20 @ 50
...	Cabbages, h'd ... 2 @ 10
...25	Carrots, ₩ bush 75 @1 00
...	Cauliflowers .. 25@ 30
...	Corn, Green, da 25@ 37
...	Cucumbers, ea.. 2@ 3
...50	Green Herbs bu @ 10
...	Lettuce, ₩ doz. 5@ 6
...	Lemons, pickled, ₩ gal ..... @
...	Onions, Cooking 25@ 40
...	Onions, Potato, ₩ bush..... @
...75	Pickles, ₩ gal. 50@ 75
...	Pickles, Mustnose, ₩ gal ..... @ 60
...25	Potatoes, peck 25@ 37
...60	Potatoes, sweet, ₩ bush..... @ 75
...00	Watermelons. 20@ 25
...	Cucumbers .. 12@ 25
...00	Squashes, Marrow, ₩ bush..... @
...	Squashes, Hubbard, ₩ lb. @ 3
...	Turnips, bush.1 00@1 25
...	Tomatoes, new, ₩ bu h, sm'l 75@1 00
...	Tomatoes, ear. @ 2

...SALE PRICES.

...INCY MARKET.

	Pork, Lard, &c.
...&	*Corrected by Flint & Rich ards, No. 29.*
...	Pork, Boston ex. clear bbls18 50 @19 00
...00	Boston No. 1 .....
...00	₩ bbl.....19 00 @20 00
...00	Boston No. 2.19 00 @19 50
...00	Ohio ex. clear18 00 @18 50
...00	Ohio clear ...17 00 @17 50
...00	Ohio mess...14 00 @15 00
...00	Ohio prime...11 00 @15 00
...00	Lard, ₩ lb..... 9 @10
...00	Ohio leaf..... 9 @10
...00	Hams,Boston ..... 14 @ 15
...00	Hogs, whole ..... 6@ 6½
...es.	Butter, Cheese, Eggs.
...81	*Corrected by C. Cheever ton & Co., No. 79.*
...@53	BUTTER.
...@50	Lump, new. 20@ 45
...@50	Tub, prime. 20@ 37
...@50	Fair to good ..... 20@ 28
...@50	Common... 15@ 18
...@14	Bakers', ₩ lb 10@ 14
...	CHEESE.
...	Factory .... 12@ 14
...	Factory 2d do 10½@ 11½
...	Farmers' ex . 9@ 12
...	Farmers' ord 6@ 8
...	Eggs.
...	Eggs, fresh... 22@ 25
...	Eggs, limed.

...HAY MARKET.

...RETAIL.	
...undred	1 70@1 80
...ton.	20 00@
.....	22 00@25
.....	1 20@1
...WHOLESALE.	
.....	26 00@28 00
.....	20 00@25 00
.....	22 00@27 00

...HAY MARKET.

Stow, 51 & 53 North Market St.

50	Hungarian Grass ₩ bush..... @
00	Seed, ₩ bush.. 2 75@3 00
	Millet, ₩ bush ... 2 00@2 50
50	Red Top, ₩ sack 4 00@4 50
12	R. L. Best Grass ..... @3
50	₩ bush..... @
	Winter Rye, ₩ bush ..... 1 00@1
00	Wheat, Spring, ₩ bush ..... 2 00@
75	Orchard Grass, ₩ bush ..... @

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS.

We give below the time and place of holding each of the New England and State Fairs, as we have been able to ascertain. Will the Secretaries or friends of other Societies that hold exhibitions this fall, send us notices of the same?

State, Provincial, &c.

American Institute	New York	Sept. 4-Oct. 26
Georgia	Atlanta	Oct. 14-17
Indiana	Indianapolis	Sep. 30-Oct. 5
Maryland	Baltimore	Oct. 8-11
Mississippi	Jackson	Nov. 11-16
New Hampshire	Dover	Oct. 1-4
New York	Elmira	Sep. 30-Oct. 4
Ontario	Salem	Sep. 30-Oct. 5
St. Louis Association	St. Louis, Mo	Oct. 3-12
Virginia	Richmond	Oct. 28-Nov. 1
Virginia and North Carolina	Norfolk, Va	Oct. 22-
Wisconsin	Milwaukee	Sep. 23-27

County and Town.

MAINE.

Aroostook	Houlton	Sep. 26-28
Franklin	Farmington	Oct. 1-2
Franklin North	Phillips	Oct. 3-4
Somerset	Skowhegan	Sep. 24-26
North Penobscot	Lee	
Somerset West	North Anson	Oct. 1-3
Washington	Pembroke	Sep. 26-28

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Cheshire	Keene	Sep. 24-27

VERMONT.

Lamoille	Morrisville	Sep. 25-27
Proctorsville	Windsor Co	Sep. 25-26
Washington	Wilmington	Oct. 2-
Windsor	Woodstock	Sep. 24-26

MASSACHUSETTS.

Essex	Gloucester	Sept. 24-25
Middlesex	Concord	Sept. 24-25
Worcester West	Barre	Sept. 26-27
Worcester North	Fitchburg	Sept. 24-25
Worcester Northwest	Athol	Oct. 2-3
Worcester Southwest	Milford	Sept. 24-26
Hampshire, Franklin, and Hampden	Northampton	Oct. 3-4
Hampshire	Amherst	Sept. 24-25
Hampden	Springfield	Oct. 1-2
Hampden East	Palmer	Oct. 8-9
Franklin	Greenfield	Sept. 26-27
Berkshire Valley	Charlemont	Sept 24-25
Berkshire	Pittsfield	Oct. 1-2-3
Housatonic	Gt Barrington	Sep. 25-26-27
Bristol	Taunton	Sept. 26-27-28
Plymouth	Bridgewater	Sept. 26-27-28
Bingham	Hingham	Sept. 24-25
Marshfield	Marshfield	Oct. 3-4
Barnstable	Barnstable	Oct. 1-2
Nantucket	Nantucket	Sept. 25-26
Martha's Vineyard	West Tisbury	Oct. 1-2

RHODE ISLAND.

Woonsocket	Woonsocket	Oct. 1-3

NEW YORK.

Albany	Albany	Sept —
Cayuga	Auburn	Oct. 1, 3
Chenango	Norwich	Sept. 24, 26
Columbia	Hudson	Sept. 24, 26
Genesee	Cairo	Sept. 26, 27
Lewis	Denmark	Oct. 1-3
Newburg Bay Horticultural	Newburg	Sept. 25 29
Orange	Minesink	Oct. 1, 2
Queens	Mineola	Sep. 25, 27
Suffolk	Riverhead	Oct. 2, 4
Western New York	Rochester	Sep. 24, 28

CANADA.

West Northumberland	Cobourg	

FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

RAVAGES OF CHOLERA IN ASIA.

London, Sept. 18.—A despatch from Teheran reports that the cholera is raging with great violence in Bokhara. It is estimated that 1000 are dying daily from the scourge.

INCREASE OF INCENDIARISM.

Acts of petty incendiarism in the agricultural districts have become so frequent, that the farmers are organizing vigilance committees, the local authorities proving unable to check the growing evil.

PLANNING A NEW CARLIST RISING.

Madrid, Sept. 18.—The Imparcial (newspaper) says that Gens. Cathelineau and Tindal will soon meet at Bayonne, France, to perfect arrangements for a French Carlist rising in Spain. Cabrea, a well known Carlist, has been invited to join in the movement, but refuses. Gen. Tindal served under Maximilian, in Mexico.

Several bridges on the railway between Saragossa and Barcelona have been lately fired upon by Carlists. So bad have these desperadoes become, that the drivers are in fear of their lives. They have refused to work and the running of trains between the two cities is suspended.

MOVEMENTS OF CALEB CUSHING.

Geneva, Sept. 17.—Caleb Cushing goes to the United States, October 11. His health is impaired. He will spend the winter in Mexico.

DEATH OF KING CHARLES OF SWEDEN.

London, Sept. 19.—A despatch from Stockholm announces that King Charles of Sweden died at Malmo last evening.

THE LONDON INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS.

The Congress of Internationalists closed their sessions to-day. Previous to their adjournment, a resolution was passed condemning the proceedings of the recent Congress at the Hague, as tending to disruptions of the Order.

THE CASE OF EDMOND ABOUT.

Paris, Sept. 19.—The German authorities of Strasbourg have consented to allow the wife of Edmond About to see him, but refuse permission to any one else to do so. The examination, which will consume the entire week, is now being made into About's case.

THE EXECUTED COMMUNISTS.

L'Olive, Deschamps and Denville, the Communists who were executed yesterday, at Satory, died bravely. Their last words were, "Vive la Republique. Down with traitors."

THANKS FOR HOSPITALITIES.

Geneva, Sept. 19.—The Swiss gentlemen lately connected with the Alabama Claims Arbitration Council of State, of Geneva, returning thanks for the hospitalities extended to them while they were in this city.

PROTECTION TO PRIVATE PROPERTY AT SEA.

London, Sept. 20.—It is learned officially that the Governments of Holland, Austria, Germany, Russia, Italy and the United States are negotiating, through their respective representatives, for the recognition of the inviolability of private property at sea. The sanction of different European Powers will be asked to such an understanding, and a formal treaty, embodying the results of the negotiations, will be drawn up and signed by the Powers above named or their respective plenipotentiaries. During the recent meeting of the Emperors at Berlin this subject was considered by Prince Gortschakoff, Count Andrassy and Prince Bismark. It was regarded as a good omen for the final establishment of this principle that the Governments of the United States, Austria, Germany, Russia, Italy and Holland were united in its support.

GREAT DIAMOND ROBBERY.

Advices from the Cape of Good Hope contain information of an extensive diamond robbery at the diggings. Thirty thousand pounds worth have been stolen. The natives engaged in diamond seeking were very roughly handled by the robbers, and much indignation is excited by the lawless act. The robbers will probably be captured and summarily executed.

CONSCRIPTION TO BE ABOLISHED IN SPAIN.

Madrid, Sept. 20.—A sharp debate occurred in the Cortes, yesterday, between Zorilla, Minister of State, and Ulas, which resulted in a declaration by Zorilla,that he would abolish the system of military conscription in Spain, and introduce in the Cortes a bill for the reorganization of the army.

THE CUBAN INSURGENTS.

Captain-General Ceballos has forwarded to the Department of War a plan for the campaign against the Cuban insurgents. The plan meets with the approval of Cordova. It is officially announced that the number of insurgents in arms against the Government in Cuba is 4500, a great majority of whom are Mexicans, Dominicans and Americans.

GRAND BANQUET TO AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVES.

Paris, Sept. 20.—American citizens resident in Paris are preparing to give a grand banquet to the representatives of the United States in the Geneva Board of Arbitration.

THE CHARGES AGAINST ABOUT.

Diplomatic notes have been exchanged between France and Germany concerning the arrest of Edmond About. The charge, on which the French author is to be tried by the court martial, consists of two courts. One accuses him of publishing hostile articles in the German territory in October, 1871, and the other with circulating the same in the Province of Lorraine. Adfred Mayer, a barrister of Strasburg, will defend the prisoner. About sends word from his prison to President Thiers, entreating him to be calm and take no steps in his case which would imperil France.

THE GERMAN MINISTER TO FRANCE.

London, Sept. 21.—It is reported that Count von Arnim has tendered his resignation as Minister of Germany to France, in consequence of the rudeness he encounters in Parisian society. It is stated that if Count von Arnim's resignation is accepted, the Embassy to France will remain vacant, and Germany will be represented at Paris only by Consul.

HORRORS OF THE STEERAGE.

A writer for the London News having published a graphic description of the horrors of steerage passage across the Atlantic, scores of correspondents are adding testimony to the abuses and sufferings to which steerage passengers are subjected, and demanding the immediate reformation.

THE POPE'S TEMPORAL POWER.

Dublin, Sept. 21.—A secret meeting of the members of the League of San Sebastian was held in this city last evening, when a conspiracy was organized for the purpose of restoring the Pope to temporal power. The foreign members of the league in France, Italy and Spain are acting in connection with their brethren in Ireland in the movement, and were represented at the convention last night. A definite plan of action was then agreed upon, but the details were necessarily kept secret. Private instructions have been transmitted to the numerous prominent adherents of His Holiness on the Continent. It is understood that the movement has a very powerful following, both in Italy and France.

DISCHARGE OF EDMOND ABOUT.

Paris, Sept. 21.—The examination of Edmond About at Strasbourg, developed no case against him, and he was discharged to-day.

THE OCCUPATION OF ROME.

Rome, Sept. 21.—The anniversary of the occupation of Rome by Italian troops was celebrated yesterday, with much enthusiasm. The city was profusely decorated. The Pope received visits of condolence from his adherents and addressed his visitors, lamenting the misfortunes of the Catholic Church and the injustice done to it by the Italian Government.

SPANISH FINANCES.

Madrid, Sept. 22.—The Cortes will complete its organization on Monday, and the annual budget will be laid before it on Tuesday. The Finance Minister's estimates for the expenditures of the next fiscal year are understood to be less than 58,000,000 pisetars.

ACCESSION OF THE NEW KING.

Stockholm, Sept. 21.—Prince Oscar, brother of the deceased King Charles XV, has succeeded to the throne of Sweden and Norway. All dignitaries of the State yesterday took the oath of allegiance to the new monarch.

☞ For the Family—The Standard Goods—No family can afford to be without the famous Halford Leicestershire Table Sauce. It is as essential to give a fine flavor to Soups and Fish and Meats as the nicest butter is to bread.

☞ Beware of Fictitious Flavoring Extracts. Try Barnett's. Go to the dealer who has them.

THE HINGHAM AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY

Began its fourteenth annual exhibition on its fine fair grounds Tuesday, and the contributors were quite prompt with their offerings. The lower hall of the society's building has been finished off for town purposes this summer, and consequently presents a much more attractive appearance, apart from the display, than in former years. Mr. George Lincoln, the secretary of the exhibition, aided by efficient committees, had his arrangements perfect for the reception of contributions, and the several departments were in working order as soon as the displays arrived.

The attendance of spectators was not very large, though the weather was all that could be desired, yet it was by no means insignificant as compared with the first days of previous exhibitions. The general display was quite large, and the inducements otherwise for visits to the grounds extraordinary for fairs of this kind,—the provision for outdoor sports being on a liberal scale that was appreciable for the young—acrobatics, gymnastics, and ball playing entering largely into Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday's programmes.

Tuesday's attractions were exceedingly interesting, both in the hall and upon the grounds; but we have not space to enumerate them, several of the collections, including the mechanical, mercantile and ladies departments, were reserved for Wednesday's report. The following embrace the principal features, which are placed in the order of their relative prominence; the fruit particularly rivalling the exhibition of the Massachusetts society.

Apples were exhibited by Fearing Burr, thirty-six varieties; Henry W. Lincoln, eight varieties; Charles W. Cushing, fifteen varieties; David Leavitt, six varieties; James Cushing, twelve varieties; Albert Whiting, ten varieties; Charles Blake, thirteen varieties; Edmund Hersey, four varieties; E. D. Raymond, twenty-nine varieties; Amos Bates, twenty-four varieties; Anson Nickerson, five varieties; P. N. Sprague, five varieties; M. C. Dizer, ten varieties; O. B. Mudge, six varieties; Caleb Hersey, ten varieties.

There was also an excellent display of pears, Alfred Loring exhibited sixteen dishes, Amos Bates twenty-four, Albert Whiting nine, Fearing Burr twenty-five, E. C. Sargent thirty-one, M. C. Dizer twenty-five, Sarah D. Fiske twenty-six, Albert Fearing twenty-five, A. S. Quincy twenty, Charles Blake ten, David Leavitt ten, Peter N. Sprague five, Eliel Bates five, G. P. Hayward six, Peter C. Kimball ten, and George R. Ripley five; single dishes also being very numerous.

Of the plants, Mrs. Silas Canterbury of East Weymouth has a large and beautiful show, and John R. Brewer, Mrs. Peter N. Sprague, Miss Addie Leavitt, Mrs. Thomas Cain, A. D. Marble, Miss Henry Stephenson, Mrs. Andrew Fearing, and Miss Mary A. Cushing of Hingham had attractive contributions.

Of the Cut Flowers, Mr. Albert Fearing, Mrs. Canterbury of East Weymouth, Miss C. Andrews, Miss Mary Cushing, Mrs. Henry Siders, Miss Mary A. Fiske, Joshua Tower, Mrs. Sampson, Eliel Lincoln, Mrs. George Lincoln, Miss Lizzie Bates' Mrs. Loring Jacobs, Miss O. C. Stephenson, Mrs. Enos D. Raymond, Miss Lottie S. Clark, Miss C. A. Andrews, Mrs. Henry Stephenson, Mr. John M. Rocket, Miss Sarah C. Jacobs, Mrs. Andrew Fearing and Miss Ora Hersey make the largest contributions.

Some fine peaches were shown by J. T. Veazie, Eliel Bates, Mrs. Ellen Himes, S. W. Marsh, Morrollus Lane, John Bassett, Edwin Tower, P. C. Kimball, Charles Jacobs and Elisha Jacobs.

Farm products are exhibited by David Whiton, Elisha Burr, Albert Fearing, Loring Jacob, William Fearing, 2d, John R. Brewer, James Cushing, Morrollus and CharlesLane, Fearing Burr, Alfred Loring, and John Pyne.

The following is an abstract of the committee's report on grapes: Whole number of dishes, 101; varieties, 45; contributions, 19. The first prize, best collection, open culture, Alfred Loring; 2d, Amos Bates; 3d, George Lincoln; 4th, Albert Fearing; 5th, Luther Stephenson; 6th, S. T. Raymond; Hartford Prolific, Elisha Burr; isabella, do. Grapes under glass—1st, Albert Fearing; 2d, Charles Blake. With artificial heat—1st, Joshua Tower 2d, John A. Brewer.

On the children's table are shown several very remarkable specimens; among them a quilt of 3307 pieces, made by Myrtle F. Brooks, begun at the age of four years and completed at seven; feather furniture, made by Edith Lincoln, aged eleven years; a beautiful carriage blanket, by Mabel French, thirteen years old; pair pillow cases, stitched on machine by Lizzie H. Spring, eight years old; a shirt made by Addie Hobart, fourteen years old; tatting, by Myra B. Cushing, ten years, and Abbie M. Wade, twelve; and bookmarks by Sarah E. and Mary C. Turner, nine and eleven years old, Willie Thompson, ten years, Bella Loring, ten years, and Freddie Humphrey, eleven years.

The show of swine, among the out-door features, is probably superior to that of any locality covering the same area in New England. The central figure in this display is the fat hog raised by Mr. Charles W. Cushing, two years and seven months old, and weighing one thousand and eight pounds, the largest ever shown in Hingham.

The prizes were awarded as follows:—Largest fat hog, C. W. Cushing; best show of fat hogs, A. Loring; 2d, E. C. Ripley; best under two years, W. Fearing, A. Fearing; under fifteen months, John Upton, A. Fearing; breeding sow and pigs, David Hersey, Erastus Whiton; prize Columbia county boar, G. R. Ripley; David Whiton gratuity for exhibiting sixty-eight swine.

There was also a goodly display of cattle. Charles W. Cushing exhibits his fine herd of Devons, Durhams, Dutch and grade, including the Devon cow Sontag, nine teen years old, with her progeny, among which the bull calf Wampatuc, seven months old, attracts marked attention.

David Whiton has also a very large display of Jersey stock, including two yearling bulls, imported cows Mussy, with calf Sunbeam, and Celesta without progeny, four yearling heifers and four calves, besides three graded. He also has yoked cattle in pairs—four-year-olds weighing 3000 pounds, six-year-olds 3922 pounds, and five-year-olds,—all grade Durhams. Mr. Whiton does not enter his stock for competition.

Albert Fearing's stock of cattle is very large, among which two imported Jerseys, Velvet and Marguerite, and two of his own raising, Flora and Susie, are quite conspicuous. He has other Jerseys, including a fine bull six months old, a fine cow, Annette, besides two grade heifers seven months old, a yoke of fat oxen, one of steers; also four working oxen. The imported Jersey bull Tommy of this herd, eighteen months old is a fine specimen.

Dominick Thompson shows four Jersey cows and three calves, and proposed to milk one of the former on the ground at 9 A. M. Wednesday to show people the "difference."

Deputy-Constable Charles Spring has a fine Jersey and native cow.

The following are the prizes on calves:—Devon bull calf, Charles W. Cushing; Jersey bull calf, Albert Fearing; Devon heifer calf, C. W. Cushing; Jersey single heifer calves, Mrs. Fuller, Dominick Thompson; best lots of calves on one farm, Albert Fearing, Dominick Thomson.

Sheep are numerously exhibited by David Whiton, whose pens contain 28 grades, 10 yearlings, 6 lambs and 2 Cottswold bucks.—Albert Fearing's stock in thik department is also large, comprising among others, 10 Cottswold ewes, 5 lambs, and an imported buck. He also has 35 Aylesbury ducks that present a fine appearance.

The show of horse flesh is small but excellent, the chief items of interest being in Walter Simmons's seventeen months' old colt, weighing 690 pounds, Jotham Salisbury's breeding mare and colt, Elisha Burr's mare and colt, Henry Newell's colt and a Messinger mare with foal.

Poultry was exhibited in thirty-seven coops, conspicuous among which were those of P. Sprague, R. & C. A. Richards, (the largest display), and John Stephenson.

THE PRESIDENT. This week terminates the summer residence of President Grant and family at Long Branch, and he returns to Washington for the winter.

CRANBERRIES DESTROYED. The heavy rains have caused the water to stand so deep and for so long a period in Sudbury Meadows, that thousands of bushels of cranberries, grown over a large portion of the meadows, are said to have been ruined by the water.

—Somebody, who has been giving all his time and attention to it, says with positiveness that one hundred thousand trunks have been handled at Saratoga, this season.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

☞ *Godey's Lady's Book* for October is brilliant and glorious with its pictorial displays and fashion plates for the autumn. The literary matter, of the quality for which Godey's is celebrated, is the delight of the ladies. A handsome chromo is offered to every subscriber as a premium.

☞ An exquisitely printed and illustrated volume of new poems by Whittier, is issued by James R. Osgood & Co., entitled *The Pennsylvania Pilgrim*, and other poems. It is on the finest of tinted paper, and artistically illustrated.

☞ The *Galaxy* for October, is a brilliant number of this sterling monthly, containing articles of Albert Rhodes, W. Wallace Harvey, Howard Glyndon, J. W. DeForest, Samuel Blotter, Edgar Fawcett and others, whose names are less familiar, with an instalment of four chapters of the Eustace Diamonds, by Anthony Trollope, and the usual variety of scientific miscellany, notes on current literature, and editorial notes. Published by Sheldon & Co., 677 Broadway, New York.

☞ The *Atlantic Monthly* for October, contains: Guest's Confession (Part I.) by H. James, Jr., Thoralf and Synnov, a Poem, by Hjalmer Hjorth Boyesen; Jefferson American Minister in France, by James Parton; Phebe, a Poem, by Lucy Larcom; The Poet at the Breakfast Table, (Part X.,) by Oliver Wendell Holmes; A Comedy of Terrors, (Part X.,) by James DeMille; The First Parting, a Poem, by Marian Douglas; History of Hawthorne's Last Romance, by G. P. Lathrop; L'ore, the Slave of a Siamese Queen, by Mrs. Leonowens; Penn Calvin, by Bayard Taylor; The Hassler Glacier in the Straits of Magellan, by Elizabeth C. Agassiz; The Chauvinisms of the French, by Herbert Tuttle; A Modern Religious Painter, by Eugene Benson; Recent Literature; Art; Music; Science; Politics.

☞ *Our Young Folks* for October, contains: A Chance for himself, (Part X.,) by J. T. Trowbridge; Doctor Spanxter, by Rose Terry; The Boy was Himself, by Rebecca Harding Davis; O Dear Me, a Poem, by Marian Douglas; Hippopotamus and Company, by Harvey Wilder; Wonderful Ocean Passages, by William H. Riding; and other interesting articles, with abundant Pictures, Rebuses, Enigmas, Correspondence, etc.

☞ Messrs. Lee & Shepard have issued a number of very pleasant books, among which we notice a beautiful book of *Stories and Poems*, by Mother and Daughter, Caroline Gilmore and Caroline Howard Jervey; beautifully illustrated and elegantly issued. The tales are beautiful *Picked Up Adrift* is the fifth of the popular B. O. W. C. series, by Prof. James De Ville, full of stirring incidents at sea. *Child of the Island Glen*, is another of the Pleasant Cove Series, by Elijah Kellogg. They are some of the best books for boys. William T. Conwell's *Life of Horace Greeley*, is also issued by Lee & Shepard, making an elegant volume with portrait.

Ah Cedars is a pleasing dramatic tale, by Alice J. Hatch.

☞ The Nursery, published by John L. Shorey, 36 Bromfield Street, is most empathically one of the best things for infants and young children ever gotten up. The October number is most profusely illustrated with the most attractive and bewitching pictures. Parents cannot do better than to subscribe.

☞ Dr. E. H. Spear, the "Old Indian Doctor," issues a *Medical Hand Book* for the million, to be had at this office, 713 Washington Street, Boston.

NEW MUSIC. Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co, Boston, have published a fine collection of music in one volume, entitled *Gems of Strauss*, comprising his most beautiful waltzes, polkas, galops, &c. Among some of their recent issues of sheet music we note, I too had Found a Heart, ballad by Vincenzo Vanini; Mother Says I Musn't, a comic song by G. W. Hunt; Grant us Another Term, a campaign song and chorus, by Mrs. E. A. P. Duer; Golden Days, a ballad by Arthur Sullivan; and Separation, a song by James D. Kinsley. For the piano forte we note, by Kafka, My Star; and Amaranth Polka by Wm. B. Van de Waser.

☞ Among the latest of Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co's. issues are Baratta's Grand March, by Miss Marie Baratta; Fleur and Fleurette, by Lichner; a beautiful Serenade by Abt, I think of Thee, arranged by C. E. Pratt; The Happy Old Times, a ballad by Gus tavus Geary: Dream, a song by H. A. Randall, and Somebody, a song, words by Eva Wallace, music by D. Frank Tully.

WOMEN IN COLLEGES.—Of the institutions of learning in our vicinity, the University of Vermont at Burlington has taken the initiative in offering to women the advantages of the corporation of that institution and ... One young woman entered there and held her own with the men in their course of study. She did not frighten any student away, as some of the guardians of Williams profess to think the admission of women to that institution would do. Neither did the wards of the young men take fright, as some of the Williams folks would have us believe; but, on the contrary, the number of students has increased. Among these are five more young ladies who have passed their examinations and will enter upon their college course in the fall.—*Woman's Journal.*

New Advertisements.

PALMER, BACHELDERS & CO.,

162 Washington St., Boston,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL IN

Fine Gold Watches, Sterling Silver Ware, Corham Plated Goods, Paris Mantel Clocks, Parlor Bronzes, Stone Cameos, Diamonds.

No. 162 Washington St., BOSTON.

PALMER, BACHELDERS & CO.

sep28-2t

New Cut-Off.

WILSON'S LANE is to become Devonshire Street, depriving us of a portion of our Store. Notwithstanding which we are just opening our new Stock of

FALL CLOTHING,

Unequalled in Style, Beauty, Durability or Cheapness.

Our Stock comprises everything connected with the make-up of a GENTLEMAN'S WARDROBE. Our Fabrics are of

THE LATEST IMPORTATIONS,

Which will be made to order, and a Nice Fit guaranteed at Satisfactory Prices.

L. D. BOISE & SON,

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80 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON,

sep28-2t

HOWE'S

HAND POTATO DIGGER

It is beyond all question, the best implement for digging potatoes ever offered the farmers of this country. No farmer would ever dig potatoes wi h a common hoe, after using one of these.

We will send this implement, with directions for using it, to any part of the State or country, on receipt of price, and warrant it to give satisfa tion.

Price $4.00. Sample Diggers sent to any one who would like to act as Agents, for $3.00. ☞ Agents wanted in every town. Address the Manufacturers and Patentees,

O. P. HOWE & CO.,

Augusta, Me.

sep28-3t

For Sale.

AYRSHIRE BULL BYRON, Herd Book 457, three years old, very gentle and of the best milking stock. Took the first premium at the Essex County Fair last week. Price $100. J. Z. GORDON,

West Newbury, Essex Co., Mass.

Sept. 28, 1872. sep28-3t*

Salt for Sale.

SALT suitable for Agricultural purposes, for sale cheap, by GEO. M. WONSON,

sep28-4t East Gloucester, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED.—We *guarantee* employment for *one* active, *either* sex, in every town, at $2,000 a year. New works by *Mrs. H. B. Stowe*, and others. *Superb premiums given away.* Money made rapidly and easily at work for us. Write and see. Particulars free. Worthington, Dustin & Co., Hartford, Ct. sep28-26t

Gentlemen, Look!!

CLOTHING can be made to look as well as new. J. and C. D. Harrell are prepared to Cleanse and Repair all kinds of Gentlemen's Garments and will remove spots such as Tar, Pitch, Paint, &c., &c., also Ladies Cloaks and Sacks cleansed and repaired. Terms reasonable. $1

The Poet's Corner.

LOVE'S HOME.

My little room is softly lit
And tinted by the moon's fair beam;
'Mid silence shadows dimly flit,
As in vengeance of a dream.

The passing hours I give no heed;
What matter it how fast they speed?
Full long enough the night will be
For solitary thoughts of thee.

Gently gliding o'er the wall,
Moonbeams on my pillow fall,
Slumbers promise in the ray,
But I turn my head away,
Longing for the sweeter rest
On the pillow of thy breast.

In thine arms so kindly folded,
To thy heart so warmly pressed,
By thy lips in kisses molded
Mine so tenderly caressed.

* * * * * *

Ah, how swiftly doth thy heart
Hurry 'neath my list'ning ear;
Noble, faithful, generous heart,
Hurries it that I am near?
While to clasping finger's end
Fast its thrilling current sends
Gentle force to hold me here.

Where the heart is, there is home,
Where the home is there is rest.
Well thou knowest, ere I speak,
Where the home my heart would seek;
Thus upon thy faithful breast,
Here, and only here, I rest.

Ladies' Department.

WRECKED.

She stood upon the balcony and looked out seaward. The wind blew in with freshness on its wings, and fluttered her pretty yellow hair about her face. It touched her cheeks; they grew rosy, and her eyes sparkled. The crisp, bracing air was as good as a draught of wine.

The ocean boomed against the beach. Its l w, deep music was like the sound of an organ's diapason heard afar off. Olive Gresham loved it. It spoke to her soul, and gave her higher, better thoughts.

She looked little more than a girl, but she was Mrs. Gresham, and had been a wife nearly twelve months. She and her husband had come to this pretty seaside place—we will call it Seaview—for a month or two's brac ng. They were staying at one of those pleasant houses, half hotel, half boarding-house, that are now so common. Mrs. Gresham enjoyed it immensely; the whole party assembled were sociable, nice people; it seemed but like a large private guest-house, where all are friends.

"The sea is angry this afternoon," she murmured, turning her thoughtful face to the wide expanse lifting itself and roaring. "I ho e there are no frail barks upon it to be wr cked."

Poor girl! There are wrecks on land as well as sea. As she might one day find to her cost.

Presently there arose a sound of carriage wheels, driving up to the great entrance door. Mrs. Gresham turned her head to look. The carriage contained a man and woman, as she could see in the distance.

"It must be they. That must be John."

Yes, it was. The man in the carriage was her husband, John Gresham; the woman was Miss Dorne. Miss Dorne was expected at the hotel to join some friends; and Mr. Gresham, who had known her well in the years gone by, had offered to meet her at the station. Olive had spent the time wondering whether she should like this Gertrude Dorne, of whom she heard them talk so much, and asking herself why there should be a silent instinct in her heart against her, as I why she dreaded her coming.

She was a tall and handsome woman. Olive saw that, as her husband helped her to alight. A face like Cleopatra's—dark, rich, an t olive-tinted. Eyes full of a deep and subtle fire. Hair of purplish blackness, coiled about her head in a queenly way that became her more than a crown would have done. A dress of some dark material fitted her tall form closely and set off her rich beauty well. Olive watched it all; herself drawn back, that she might not seem to stare.

"No wonder half the men are crazy about her," Olive thought; "and some of them beauty as here is enough to turn their heads, let alone their hear s."

Mr. Gresham entered the hotel with the lady on his arm. Olive quitted the room to greet her. Outside the door she met Mrs. Davenal—one of those women who see everything without appearing to have regard for anybody's business but their own. She would have made a splendid acquisition to the female detective police, had there been such a thing in existence at Seaview. She stopped Olive as they met.

"Be careful of that Miss Dorne," she whispered. "I believe her to be a dangerous woman, perfectly unscrupulous. Of course, this is only for your private ear, Mrs. Gresham; but I could not resist giving you a warning."

"Thank you all the same," was Olive's surprised rejoinder; "but what harm can she do me?"

"My dear, I was thinking of your husband. Report goes that Gertrude Dorne once made havoc with his heart. I don't know how that may have been; but I do know that she's not to be trusted; that she cares not what mischief she does in her jealous love of —if admiration. You are young and innocent, my dear, with little experience of these shady sides of life; but I would say, don't let your husband get into her coils if you can help it."

"She—she is very beautiful, is she not?" stammered Olive, struck with a sudden panic.

"She is very handsome. I don't call beautiful the word for her. Men get crazy over such a woman as Miss Dorne, sometimes. Some have over her. There is something about her that charms them or bewitches them—I hardly know which. Hush! here she is."

Miss Dorne, with one or two of her friends, came along the corridor. Mr. Gresham followed. He halted when he saw his wife.

Olive held out her hand and smiled a welcome, saying some pretty words. "She is not nice looking as regards expression," thought Olive. "At least to please me."

"I am so happy to meet your wife, John," said Miss Dorne, taking Olive's hand. "You look at me, my dear!—you are wondering to hear me call him 'John' so familiarly; but we have been friends once, he and I, and I have never learnt to say 'Mr. Gresham.'"

She had a soft and mellow voice. It was full of music, and vibrated on her ear pleasantly as the tinkle of silver bells. Keeping it under perfect control, she knew how to use it effectively. Miss Dorne was evidently a woman who knew her resources and how to turn them to the best effect.

"John," whispered Olive, as the young lady swept up stairs to her chamber, "how is it that you never told me about Miss Dorne, and this old intimacy with her?"

"How was i? My dear Olive, I suppose I never thought to tell you. There was nothing much to tell."

Miss Dorne came down to dinner in a toilette as elaborate as any ever turned out by Madame Elise. It was the custom of the place to dress, and very absurd of the place too; but none had ever been dressed as she was. She took her place at once as an acknowledged queen in society. Some few of the visiters she knew; the rest soon begged to know her. In conversation she was brilliant and witty, capable of holding her own on almost any subject of discussion. Consequently she was a favorite with all the gentlemen: as indeed she would have been had she possessed no attractions but her face and her exquisite voice.

After dinner the long drawing-room windows were thrown open to the cool breeze from the sea, and the company adjourned thither.

It was a beautiful night. The moonlight drifted whitely over the landscape, and touched the sea with mellow splendor. The beat of the waves upon the shore came distinctly on the wind like a strain of deep and solemn music. Overhead the stars shone like silver in the blue sky. Olive Gresham, standing at one of the windows, took in the beauty of the quiet scene.

"We must get Miss Dorne to sing for us," some one said, in Olive's hearing. "She is a splendid singer."

"How do you know?" asked another.

"She used to be when I met her a year or two ago."

"She'll sing, I dare say, fast enough. These good singers don't require much asking. Do look how the men are around her!"

Olive came in from the balcony, and stole a glance to where the speaker pointed. Nearly all the gentlemen had gathered about Miss Dorne, who was dealing her smiles and her words amidst them. Not John Gresham. He sat by a distant table, looking at a newspaper.

"Mrs. Davenal must have been mistaken," thought Olive. "I wish she would not say such things."

A young lady came out, and she and Olive sat down together in a corner of the balcony, inhaling the sea breeze in the sultry night. They had been at school together, these two; and they began talking of old days, and of the time past.

"Olive, you have never told me about your marriage?"

"About my marriage!" echoed Mrs. Gresham. "What about it, Kate?"

"How did you become acquainted with Mr. Gresham?"

"He came to the place a stranger, and I met him at a party. I—I had never seen any one I liked so much—I don't mind saying so, Kate, now I am his wife—and he seemed to be attracted by me. Before we had met a half a dozen times, he went to papa and asked for me. There was no objection: he is very well off, you know; and we were married directly. Mamma grumbled. There was not time to get my wedding things ready, she said; but he would have his way."

"Are you happy, Olive?"

"Oh, yes. He indulges me in everything."

"Some one, talking of him the other day, said he was so cold."

"Cold? Well, I think he is that."

"And he seems to treat you so much as a child, Olive."

Olive blushed. The fact vexed her often. "I'm a great deal younger than he is, Kate."

"How long shall you stay at Seaview?"

"Just as long as John pleases. His time is his own."

"We shall be here a month longer, I think. My aunt says the air suits her better than any she has ever tried. Just look at that blue being thrown up from that vessel at sea, Olive? What's it for, I wonder?"

Passing about the balcony to obtain a better view of the ship in question, they got to the other end of it. In a low chair against the open window there sat Miss Dorne. Olive glanced in, and saw her husband bending over her. Keen Mrs. Davenal—keen in regard to observation—stood opposite, glancing at them. There arose a sudden clamor at the piano for Miss Dorne. If Miss Dorne would but go and sing!

"I suppose I shall have to gratify them," she said, looking up into Mr. Gresham's face with her dark Eastern eyes. "Do you ever sing 'At the Orchard Stile' now, John?"

"No," he answered. "I have never sung it or heard of it since—since that summer."

Olive fancied that there was something like a regret in his voice. "What summer did he mean? Had it held disappointment for him of pleasant dreams and hopes? and had Miss Dorne anything to do with it? The words of Mrs. Davenal rose up like a nightmare.

"John, I'll sing that song now if you will help me," said Miss Dorne. "You used to sing it with me, you know, in that good old time."

"I will try," he said, as he held out his arm to take her to the piano. "But I cannot sing as I sang then, Gertrude."

"He calls her Gertrude!" thought the young wife. "They must have known each other very well."

Miss Dorne sat down, and touched the keys softly. An exquisite touch had she—firm and correct, and capable of expressing her best feelings. She played a simple prelude, winning from its plaintive pathos, and began to sing.

A silence fell upon the ro m. It was a song that had once been very popular. One of those little waifs that come from no one knows where, drift through the world for a while, and then disappear as suddenly as they came. Olive had never heard it, and never, she thought, had heard anything so exquisite.

She watched them both—she could not help it—her husband and Miss Dorne. He stood at the piano, his eyes fixed on her face; *not* staring at her, not seeing her, but in utter abstraction. He quite forgot that he had promised to sing. That he was buried in some dream of the past Olive doubted not. Then he came out of the dream with a start, and did look at her—looked like a man charmed, spell bound, fascinated.

A sudden fear smote Olive Gresham's heart. *Had* she cause to dread this woman's influence over her husband?

The song ended; and, amidst the low murmur of applause, Miss Dorne plunged into Beethoven's "Sonata Pathetique." An opal ring upon her finger glowed and glittered in the light like a fiery eye. Olive hated opals. This one seemed to be mocking her.

The party at Seaview, ladies and gentlemen both, went in for much pleasure and revelry, so that no hing save gaiety was apparent on the surface. But, for all that, a skeleton was there.

A great friendship, a wonderful intimacy had sprung up between Mr. Gresham and Miss Dorne. There lay the skeleton. Olive shuddered. Mrs. Davenal and one or two never unemployed women daghers eyes at the passing flirtation, and supposed there was nothing in it save a little idle pastime. How should there be?—was not this wife there?

Olive knew better. She knew better. Too surely she saw her influence over her husband growing less, and that of Miss Dorne greater. He was almost always with Miss Dorne now. She seemed to have fascinated him.

Once, and only once, Olive spoke with him about it. He laughed at her, jested about her jealousy, and called her his "wild rose." His wild rose, as he used to do; and he fondly kissed her, and for the time she was appeased. But not an hour later she saw him smiling into Gertrude Dorne's face with an expression that no man can well put on unless he loves. The fear, the dread, she knew not f what, came over her again, stronger than before.

What could she do?

Nothing—absolutely nothing. She loved him, but her love was not strong enough to keep him at her side. Miss Dorne's will drew him from her, and kept him away. She was as a queen, and he was her slave. A willing slave, Olive thought sometimes, with a bitter feeling at her heart.

There was no friendship between the women, and no semblance of it. Olive had never liked her from the first. There was something repulsive about her to Olive's mind—and this would have been the case had there been no John Gresham in existence—something that kept Olive at a distance and prevented any approach to friendship. Miss Dorne seemed wholly indifferent on the subject. Knowing how great her influence was over John Gresham, she cared nothing for his wife. She saw that it tortured her to see her husband so completely enthralled away, and the thought gave Miss Dorne a peculiar kind of satisfaction. Beyond that, she thought but little of John Gresham's wife.

Little by little, a word here and a word there, gathered from the under current of whispers around, Olive learned pretty correctly what the past had been—the story of John Gresham and Miss Dorne. He had loved her passionately. She had jilted him —or in the pride of her heart has *made to-lieve* to jilt him; and he, in his bitter anguish and mortification, had quitted her forever without a word of warning or adieu. Had she known where he had flown she would no doubt have recalled him. Giving himself no time for reflection, Mr. Gresham, smarting under his pain, proposed for and married the first pretty girl he met. It happened to be Olive Berkely. All might have gone on well to the end had he kept clear of Miss Dorne. Or, rather, had Miss Dorne kept clear of him.

Miss Dorne was not going to do this. Smarting herself under her own folly in having lost him, she resented his marriage with a young girl herself—a slight thrown upon her. A woman who can stand this calmly. She hated the wife, whom she had never seen with a great hatred; and when she heard that they were at Seaview she went too. So, she had laid herself and her charms out to attract him again; she had told him that she had only been trying his love that fatel time; and John Gresham was losing himself amid her t ils. The fools men can be!

One day there was a picnic projected some miles inland. Olive pleaded a headache, and begged to be left at home. It was growing intolerably painful to her to watch her husband's attentions to another, and be herself neglected. She knew how it would be. As soon as the carriages had deposited them at their destination, her husband and Miss Dorne would disappear together. People were beginning to talk of it; and this of all things was intolerable to Olive. For her husband's sake as well as her own, she would not go to-day: if she were absent there would be less remark excited at his attentions to another. To her intense surprise, to her delight, Mr. Gresham volunteered to stay at home with her. She smiled and kissed him fondly, hoping he was coming back to his true allegiance.

When they had all gone, and the house was still, she lay down and tried to sleep, for in truth her head ached terribly. John fanned her, and was quite like the husband he ha l been before Gertrude Dorne came to Seaview. In the calm induced by these new hopes she fell asleep.

When Olive awoke, she was alone. She got up and combed out her hair and braided it, feeling much better. Tarowing off her wrapper, she donned a cool, airy white muslin, with green ribbons at the waist and shoulders. She put a knot of white flowers in her hair, and some at her throat, and went down to find her husband, looking as beautiful as Undine.

The library door was open. Hearing voices in the room, and wondering who was inside, she stepped softly to the door and looked in. Olive started back as if struck. John Gresham sat there by the side of the woman who had won him from her, and he was twisting scarlet fuchsias in her purple-black hair, while she looked up into his face with a subtle mesmerism in her dangerous eyes.

Olive turned away with a shiver and went down to the garden. She had supposed that Miss Dorne had gone to the picnic. Now she saw why her husband had been so willing to stay at home. The thought stabbed her like a knife.

She wandered about the garden for a long time, unutterably wretched. It was late in the afternoon. The sun sank lower and lower, and after a while the visitors came flocking home. She avoided them and wandered off to the shore; she wanted to be alone.

Up and down, up and down. Her walk was a weary one. She saw the white and ghostly glimmer of sails out at sea, and heard the song of the fishermen down in the bay. It all came to her afterwards like a dream. Poor Olive was mild, gentle, refined. Other women, at least many of them, would have ranted at a husband and given him no peace in his life. But, beside her native gentleness, Olive had an instinct that *that* would not be the way to win John Gresham back.

It was night when she got back to the hotel. Avoiding the principal entrance, she stole in at a side door, and gained her room unseen. What had become of all the people, she wondered; what were they doing then? Taking dinner? or tea? and would they miss her? Restless and unhappy, she went down into a small room that opened on the garden. She herself was in the shade; but the ground outside was steeped in light, for the moon was shining.

Suddenly two people came out of the shrubs underneath, nearly close to her. Her heart gave a great throb; for she saw it was her husband with Gertrude Dorne. And she had been hoping to avoid them?

"I suppose you are right," he said, apparently in answer to some words of hers—"that I ought not to have married. But, Gertrude, the fault lay with you. You drove me away from you."

"I was but trying you, John. The fault lay with *you*. Why did you take my folly up so passionately?"

"Recrimination will not serve either of us now, my sweetest."

Holding out his arm to her, they passed out of view; and Olive fell back in a kind of syncope. When she woke up again to the world, she did not know whether the past was not all a wretched dream.

Mrs. Gresham dragged her weary limbs to bed, and the night passed. In the morning, just as she ought to have got up, she fell asleep; and what wonder? When her eyes opened again to the garnish day, the sun was high in the heavens. The first thing that met her eyes was a note from her husband, addressed to her and lying on the dressing table. He was going away with Miss Dorne, was all he said; and said it carelessly; going to escort her home. It concluded with some kind words: "God bless you, Olive, and good-bye."

She read the letter through with dry eyes. Her sorrow was tearless, but all the more terrible on that account.

Gone away! The husband she had loved so well had deserted her for another; had left her to disgrace and loneliness, and a bitter consciousness of loss. All the light had gone out of life for her in the utter blackness of desolation. Did he mean ever to come back again? Well, she supposed he might some time, for appearance sake; but meanwhile *they* were together, and had gone away together.

Putting on as cheerful a face as she could, and dressing herself well, and hoping nobody would suspect what she suspected, Mrs. Gresham went down stairs. Nothing seemed to be thought of the matter there; Mr. Gresham, being an old friend of the Dorne family, had gone to escort Miss Dorne safely home, and might be away a day or two Olive assented "Yes" in an indifferent tone, and that was all. But the eyes of Mrs. Davenal were fixed on her in a curious manner, and that lady's lips were drawn in to conceal their mockery.

Suddenly was heard a strange roll, as of slow, heavy wheels in the approach to the hotel. In the listlessness of wanting something to do, a few of them sauntered to the window. It was not a hearse, but it was a kind of conveyance not unlike one; it drew up to the door, and some kind of burthen, covered over, was lifted out. A sudden horror—one of those instincts not to be accounted for—seized on Olive. The gentlemen were silently quitting the room.

"Don't go, Mrs. Gresham; don't *you* go."

It was Mrs. Davenal who would have kept her; but she broke away in her false strength and gained the hall. The men were coming in with what they carried.

In the confusion no one heeded her. People were flocking up from all parts of the house, and the hall seemed full. "A railway accident," "A collision," was being whispered from one to another.

Yes. He whom they bore was John Gresham. John Gresham in life so recently, but dead now. One of the railway porters who had come with the body explained. The gentleman did not die directly, he said; he lived long enough to write a note, which he, the porter, had brought. It was addressed to the gentleman's wife, Mrs. Gresham.

She took it in her hand mechanically, and passed into the room where they were placing her husband. Respecting her grief, they left her alone in silence, awed by the white face, full of a dumb, tearless sorrow. Olive opened the letter then, and read it over the dead.

"OLIVE—MY WIFE—Lying here, with the shadow of death falling over me, I can see things as they are, and I know now that I have been blind, cruel, utterly mistaken. Blind to all that is right, cruel to you, mistaken in myself. I do love you, Olive, wit a truer and better love than I ever felt for any other; though you have unfortunately been thinking so. Heaven forgive me my sin and folly! The love, or, I would rather say, the fa-cination I felt for Gertrude Dorne is gone. Death is so near that I can look into my own heart, and unders and it. I did like her once—but never, Olive, with the pure affection I learned to feel for you—and when we met again here she bewildered me, turning my head with its own folly. What would have been the final result I scarcely can hide from myself; but, had I been strong as I, have succumbed to false passion and folly; but the hand of God has interposed and her, for she is dead—in our reckless career. I am sorry that it is so. Better be away from temptation. And—if a death-bed vow of repentance may avail, mine, as the Saviour knows, is sincere and bitter enough. If I could live, you might never fully trust me again. But now a the rest I can tell you, and tell you truly, that I love you. I long to see your face again, and hear you say that you forgive me. But that cannot be. If we could but realize in life what it must be when this comes! Perhaps, when I am dead, you will say that I would be at rest, and be glad to say good-night to life. If you do I shall hear you, Olive, my dear, wronged, faithful wife—I shall hear you. I can hardly hold the pen. I am growing blind—but I love you—I love you at the last—and—in—Heaven——"

And then there was a great blot where the pen fell from John Gresham's nerveless fingers, as the blot of death fell on his life.

She lifted the cloth that covered the dead face and knelt beside her husband, and called him sweet and tender names.

"I forgive you, John," she said softly. "You hear me, don't you? You are mine now, all mine. I love you, John."

Was it fancy, or did the dead face take on a more peaceful look than it had worn before? She thought it did.

And then Olive Gresham kissed the white lips, and put away the soft hair from his brow, and held his hands in hers. In death their spirits had come together as they might never again have been united in life. And it was better so. Better so.

SCOLDING.

Scolding is mostly a habit. There is not much meaning to it. It is often the result of nervousness, and an irritable condition of both mind and body. A person is tired or annoyed at some trivial cause, and forthwith commences finding fault with everything and everybody within reach. Scolding is a habit very easily formed. It is astonishing how soon one who indulges in it at all becomes addicted to it and confirmed in it. It is an unreasoning and unreasonable habit.

Persons who get into the way of scolding always find something to scold about. If there was nothing else, they would fall a scolding at the mere absence of something to scold. It is an extremely disagreeable habit.

The constant rumblings of distant thunder, caterwaulings, or hand-organ under one's window, would be less unpleasant. The habit is contagious. Once introduced into a family, it is pretty certain in a short time to affect all the members. If one of them begins always finding fault about something or nothing, the others are very apt soon to take it up, and a very unnecessary bedlam is created.

The people in the country more readily fall into the habit of scolding than people in the city. We suppose it is because they have less to occupy and divert their attention. Women contract the bad habit more frequently than men. This may be because they live more in the house in a confined and heated atmosphere, very trying to the nervous system and the health in general; and it may be partly that their natures are more susceptible, and their sensitiveness more easily wounded.

Women are sometimes called divine; but a scolding woman never seems divine. We will, however, say no more on the subject, or some pretty creature m y feel inclined to scold us for what we say about scolding.

FASHIONABLE SILKS FOR AUTUMN WEAR.

The bulk of French silk manufactures is of faille—a soft gross-grain with distinct, even, round threads of medium size and admirable lustre. Among these, bronze-brown and sage-green tints prevail. Brown tinged with green will probably be the popular fancy of the coming season. This is displayed in a variety of shades, beginning with the olive-brown of last year; next is *rouille*, or rust color; myrtle-brown is very dark, and almost black; a new pistache shade has much more brown than green; *ecorce*, or bark-color; the darkest shade is sepia, or Indian ink.

Next these are greyish-brown shades called *dousiere*, or dust-color; *fumee*, or smoke-brown; desert sand a light shade; *rocher*, or rock-color; Zanzibar, a sandy brown; *rossignol*, or nightingale; dove-colors, such as *tourterelle* and *rameer*, the wood-pigeon; *marmotte*, a dark ashes-of-roses shade; and, finally, some soft shades are called antelope and reindeer.

Of greys pure and simple but few are found, as these also have greenish hues. First is lichen, or mossy-grey; absinthe, a dark shade of the sage-green worn this season; *amphibole* is an uncertain, indescribable blending of green and grey; and *meange*, a blue-grey named from the tomtit. Sphinx and salamander are also mongrel tints. *Sarde*, the color of the stone, is the clearest grey shown; *feutre* is felt grey; *argile* is the color of potter's clay; alligator grey is retained from last year; and *boulean*, or birch-color, is the darkest shade possible.

There are no more bright blues and greens, but there are many combinations of these, forming the hues seen in the throat and breast of birds. Last winter these were all called peacock colors; and now we have various shades of plumage, such as the lophophere, with more blue than green, while the reverse is true of the *martin-pecher* or king-fisher color; *lezard*, or lizard-green and serpent color, are also similar shades.

Sobre greens, that are almost black, are made for out-door wear; of these are *chasseur*, or hunter's-green, myrtle, cypress and bottle-green. The old puce shades and plum-color, with both blue and reddish tints, are largely manufactured.

For evening dresses are silks of the faded hues that are now so popular. Among the prettiest are aurora, a pale pinkish-grey, and unmixed soft grey called *gris fin*, and a delicate buff called chamois-color. The blue tints are *ciel pale*, or bright sky-blue; paradise-blue is of deeper hue; Indienne and turquoise are of the dim lack-lustre shades introduced two years ago. The rose colors are *rose frais*, or newly blown rose; tea-rose, with yellow tints; and faded rose, a lovely pale shade. Pink coral, File-green, lavender, *ble*, or wheat color, and the silver shades are again manufactured.—*Lady's Journal.*

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

Forgive and forget—it is better
To fling every feeling aside,
Than allow the deep cankering fetter
Of revenge in thy breast to abide.
For thy steps through life's path shall be lighter
When the load from thy bosom is cast,
And the sky that's above thee be brighter
When the cloud of displeasure is past.

Tho' thy spirit swell high with emotion,
To give back an injustice again,
Let it sink in oblivion's ocean,
For remembrance increases the pain;
And why should we linger in sorrow
When its shadow is passing away.
Or seek to encounter to-morrow
The blas that o'er-swept us to-day?

Oh! memory's a varying river,
And though it may placidly glide
When the sunbeams of joy o'er it quiver,
It foams when the storm meets the tide.
Then stir not its current to madness,
For its wrath thou wilt ever regret,
Though the morning beams break on thy sadness
Ere the sunset forgive and forget.

THE NEW YORK WOMAN.

What kind of a being is the typical New York Woman? Our neighbors across the water evidently regard her as something very different from the typical Englishwoman; and they form their judgments not so much by what they know of the New York Women at home, as by what they see of her abroad.—They find her extravagant in her tastes, something more than self-assured in her bearing, "loud" in her dress, and superficial in her education and accomplishments—if she has any. Now we do not admit that a woman who can be thus characterized is the type of New York womanhood. The world does not (or better manners women, and are to be found in great numbers in this much defamed city; but the Englishman does not see them, for they jealously guard their society where he comes here, and when they travel they are unobtrusive and do not attract his attention. The average travelling Englishman in New York knows just as little of the best society of New York as the average travelling American does of the best society of London.

Yet the Englishman has an apology in what he sees, and, perhaps, in all that he sees, for the severity of his judgment. There is a type of womanhood in New York—and it has, alas! far too many representatives—of which every American, everywhere, has reason to be ashamed. The same type can be found in all the large cities of the country, but it exists in its perfection here. It lives in hotels and boarding-houses; it travels, it haunts the fashionable watering places; it is prominent at the opera and the ball; in short, it is wherever it can show itself and its clothes. It rejoices over a notice of itself in the *Evening Chatterbox*, or the *Weekly Milk and Water*, as among the proudest and most grateful of its social achievements. Its grand first question is: "Wnerewithal shall I be clothed?" and when that is answered as well as it can be, the next is: "How and where can I show my clothes so as to attract the most men, distress the greatest number of women, and make the most stunning social sensation?" We have no fear of exaggerating in this characterization. We have seen these women at home and away; and their presumption, boldness, vanity, idleness, display, and lack of all noble and womanly aims are a disgrace to the city which produces them, and the country after whose name they call themselves.

Of course there is a sufficient cause for the production of this type of woman, and it is to be found in her circumstances and way of life. It is prevalent among the *nouveaux riches*—among those of humble beginnings and insufficient breeding and education. It is fostered in boarding houses and hotels—those hotbeds of jealousy of personal and social rivalry and aimless idleness. The woman who finds herself housed and clothed and wined and petted and furnished with money for artificial as well as real wants, without the lifting of a finger, or the burden of a care, and without the culture of head or heart that leads her to seek for the higher satisfactions of womanhood, becomes in the most natural way precisely what we have described. It would be unnatural for her to become anything else. The simple truth is, that unless women have a routine of duty that diverts their thoughts from themselves, and gives them something to think of besides dress and the exhibition of it, they degenerate. The only cure for this that we know of is universal house-keeping. There is no man who can afford to pay a fair price for board who cannot afford to keep house; and house-keeping, though it be never so humble, is the most natural and the healthiest office to which woman is ever called. There is no one thing that would do so much to elevate the type of New York womanhood as a universal secession from boarding house and hotel life, and a universal entrance upon separate homes.—Such a step would increase the stock of happiness, improve health of body and health of mind, and raise at once the standard of morals and manners.

The devil always finds work for idle hands to do, whether the hands belong to men or women; but American men are not apt to be idle. They are absorbed in work from early until late, and leave their idle wives, cooped up in rooms that cost them no care, to get rid of the lingering time as they can. Is it kind to do this, or is it cruel? If it is kind in its motives, it is cruel in its results. The whole system of boarding-house and hotel life is vicious. To live in public, to be on dress parade every day to be always part and parcel of a gossiping multitude, to live aimlessly year after year, with thoughts concentrated upon one's person and one's selfish delights, to be perpetually without a routine of healthy duty, is to take the broadest and briefest road to the degradation of all that is admirable and lovable in womanhood. It is to make, by the most natural process, that gay, gaudy, loud, frivolous, pretentious, vain, int iguing, unsatisfied, and unhappy creature which the Englishman knows as "The New York Woman." "*Topics of the time*," by *Dr. F. G. Holland.—Scribner's for October.*

TACT.—There is no distinctive term more often employed, and less generally understood, than the word "Tact." It is in every one's mouth, and many have a vague notion of its meaning, who yet, if required, would find no slight difficulty in giving its definition. It is the application of preceptive common-sense to life's practical details; the correct adaptation of means to ends, from an intuitive knowledge of character, blended with a careful concealment, a discreet evasion of our own, except when amiable faults are avowed, to enhance the impression of our candor.

Domestic Economy

VALUABLE RECIPES.

GREEN PICKLED CUCUMBERS.—Gather small cucumbers with a short stem, Put them in salt and water brine, strong enough to bear an egg, let them remain in the brine well covered for three days (always put a flannel rag on the top of the brine to take up the scum, and wash it off every morning), the third day pour your brine off in a clean brass kettle and give it a boil up; pour it hot on the pickles. Do this for three mornings and stop three until you scald them nine times. Then, when cold, place them on dishes to drain, and in your porcelain kettle put sufficient vinegar to cover them, according to the size of your jar. Put in some allspice, cloves, cinnamon, few blades of mace, pod of green pepper, piece of horse radish root, race ginger, few mustard seed, and spiced cucumbers (from the apothecary's), with one cup of sugar. Boil these up well, pour hot over the pickles, and tie closely. When perfectly cold, open, and if not under vinegar, add enough to fill the jar to the brim. They will keep good for two years, and you will find them number one.

HYDROPHOBIA.

Hydrophobia simply means the dread of water, which is one of the symptoms of canine madness; but the same symptoms also occurs in other diseases distinct from it. The horror of water almost (not absolutely) always accompanies canine madness, but it is also met with, in greater or less intensity, in several nervous diseases. It may be brought on by strong mental emotion of various kinds. A school-master, after a violent fit of anger, died in fifteen hours, with decided symptoms of hydrophobia. Fright will have the same effect. A man bitten by a dog which he believed to be mad had fearful attacks of hydrophobia, which ceased several months afterward, on his learning that the dog remained in perfect health. A girl who witnessed a sudden broil, in which the disputants fought with swords, was so terror-stricken that she was seized with hydrophobia, and died. A woman whose companions had abandoned her alone in the fields all night was greatly terrified thereby; next day she refused every sort of liquid, and shortly died. It is, therefore, not surprising that an aversion to water should have been occasionally induced by the bite of men and animals that were not mad. Malpighi records the case of his mother, who became hydrophobic after having been bitten by her daughter in an epileptic fit. Cases are not rare in which, when one person has bitten another, the bitten person has been attacked by, and sometimes died of apparent canine madness. The most singular instance is that of a young man, twenty-nine years of age, who bit his own finger in a violent fit of rage, and became so hydrophobic in four and twenty hours that at the very name of water he fell into strong convulsions. The above facts (which might be considerably multiplied) are very important to reassure timid persons that a passing repugnance for liquids does not necessarily imply the existence of true, hopeless canine madness. It is curable, and has often yielded not only to judicious medical treatment, but to mere moral remedies.—*All the Year Round.*

A LAWYER AND A WITNESS.

The tedious session of the Supreme Court at Pittsfield, Mass., was relieved by an incident last week. A leading member of the bar, rather noted for his strategy of confusing witnesses by working them into a passion, had under cross-examination a woman who seemed an apt subject for his favorite tactics; having wound her up to the desired pitch, he inquired, "Madam, are you now living with your first or second husband?" "That's none of your business!" sharp and short. With an air of offended dignity, the attorney turned to Chief Justice Brigham, who remarked, with a smile, "I think the witness is about right in that, is she not?" Which reminds the older members of the bar of a similar misadventure that a still more distinguished member of the Berkshire bar once met at the hands of Chief Justice Shaw. "Where did you get the money with which you made the purchase spoken of?" asked the "learned brother" of a witness under the tortures of a cross-examination. "None of your (gentle expletive) business," thundered the victim. "Now, may it please you, are counsel to be insulted in this manner?" appealed the lawyer. "Witness," said the chief justice, compassionately, "do you wish to change your last answer?" "No, sir, I don't!" "I wouldn't if I were in your place!" audibly echoed.

HOW LONG TO STARVE.—A man will die for want of air in five minutes, for want of sleep in ten days, for want of water in a week, for want of food at varying intervals, depending on constitution, habits of life, and the circumstances of the occasion. Instances have been given where persons have been said to live many weeks without eating a particle of food; but when opportunities have been offered for a fair investigation of the case, it has been invariably found that a weak and wicked fraud has been at the bottom of it.

☞ Poor Lady Burdett-Coutts! She has an income of about two hundred thousand pounds sterling per annum, which she finds very inconvenient. It is said that recently a certain bishop, with whom she had been acquainted for many years, applied to her for money to help build a church. She had so much confidence in the bishop that she signed a blank check and gave it to him. She had no doubt that he would fill it up with as much as two or, perhaps, three thousand pounds. The bishop filled it up with thirty thousand, and that was the last money or the last word he ever got from Lady Burdett-Coutts.

Anecdotes.

☞ The St. Louis *Globe* tells a good dog story, and here it is—sensible puppies these! "A small darkey with an armful of eight-day old pups, accosted a gentleman on pine street, a few days ago, with the query—'Want any pups dis marnin?' 'What are they, Greeley or Grant pups? At a venture the young fancier responded, 'Greeley.' 'Don't want 'em.' A day or two later the boy made another attempt, and was asked the same question, to which he replied, 'Grant pups.' 'Why, you little rascal, didn't you offer the 'same pups to me a few days ago as Greely pups?' 'Das so, but dey's done got their eyes open since.'"

☞ A pretty bright little juvenile friend some five years old, named Rosa, was teased a good deal by a gentleman who visited the family. He finally wound up by saying: "Rosa, I don't love you." "But you've got to love me," said the child. "How so?" asked the tormenter. "Why," said Rosa, "the Bible says that you must love them that hate you, and I am sure that I hate you."

☞ Judge Smith, after he was seventy, married a second wife considerably his junior. One day soon after the ceremony he met a friend with her, and, on coming to a hill, she hastened him with the remark: "Judge, my father always used to walk up hill." "So did my first wife," replied the Judge.

☞ A Dolly Varden Pie: Take about four yards of light dough, gather it up in tucks and flounces, crimp the edges, and fill up with fruit, then lay on the overskirt, fasten it with buttons of dough, connected with frills of the same, and you will have a tasteful and elegant pie, only you must eat it, not wear it.

☞ Mary—"It seems cruel to kill so many animals for their fur—thirty-six poor squirrels put to death to make a muff for us!" Emily—"Yes, it is cruel. Why didn't the monsters take their skins off without killing them?"

☞ Old Lady—"When does the next train stop here?" Porter (explaining)—"Well, 'm, you see the next train dont stop 'ere at all, and the next train as stops 'ere don't go no farther, and the next train is a through express." The old lady is much better for the explanation.

☞ One reason why street cleaning down town has usually been neglected is that when the dirt is in the form of mud people hesitate to take any steps in the matter, and when it's in the condition of dust they are forced to shut their eyes to it.

☞ A traveller relates that while he was in Utah, Tom Thumb was also there on a visit. While the renowned dwarf was at a dinner party, he jumped from his chair and said, with a pompous air, "I cannot understand this polygamy at all." His host, a man of six feet high, thereupon exclaimed. "Neither could I, Tom, when I was of your size."

☞ A colored preacher down South baptized forty of his congregation one Sabbath, and charged them a dollar apiece. Receiving pay but from two of the crowd, he remarked that he "wan't gwine to muss himself up for two dollars."

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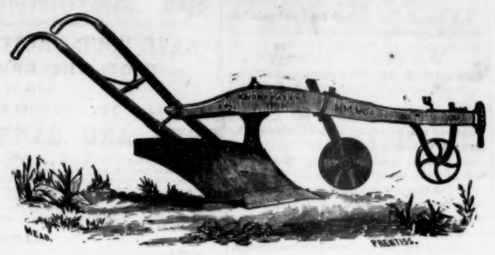

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